

WHEN YOV SEE ME,  
You know me.

Or the famous Chronicle Historie of king  
Henrie the Eight, with the birth and vertuous life  
of EDVVARD Prince of Wales.

*As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales  
his servants.*

By SAMVELL ROVVLY, servant  
to the Prince.



AT LONDON,

Printed for Nathaniell Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls  
Church-yard neare S. Austines gate. 1611.

# WHEN YOU SEE ME

You know me.

Of the famous Chronicle-Historic of King  
Edward the First, with the birth and various life  
of EDWARD Prince of Wales.

As was sung by the famous nightingale Prince of Wales  
in the forest.

By SAMUEL ROBERTS, Esq.  
to the Prince.



AT LONDON

Printed by J. B. Smith, at the Sign of the Three Kings, in St. Paul's Church-yard.



# When you see mee, You know mee.

*Enter the Cardinall with the Embassadors of France, in all State and  
royalty, the Parse and Mace before him.*



Entlemen giue leaue: you great Embassadors,  
From France the most Christian King of France;  
My Lord of Paris, and Lord Bourbons;  
Welcome to England: since the King your master  
Intreats our furtherance to advance his peace,  
Giving vs titles of high dignitie.

As next elect to Romes Supremacie,  
Tell him we haue so wrought with English Henry  
(Who, as his right hand loues the Cardinall)  
That vn-delaide, you shall haue audience;  
And this day will the King in person sit  
To heare your message, and to answer it.

*Bonnet.* Your grace hath done vs double curtesie:  
For so much doth the King our master long  
To haue an answer of this Embassage.  
As minutes are thought months till we returne.

*Paris.* And that is the cause his highnesse moues your grace,  
To quicke dispatch berixt the King and him:  
And for a quittance of your forwardnesse,  
And hopefull kindnesse to the Crowne of France,  
Twelue reverent Bishops are sent post to Rome,

*When you see me, you know me.*

Both from his highnesse and the Emperour,  
To moue *Campes* and the Cardinals,  
For your election to the papall throne,  
That *Woolfes* head may were the tripall Crowne.

*Wool.* Wee thanke his highnesse for remembring vs,  
And so salute my Lord the Emperour,  
Both which (if *Woolfe* be made Pope of Rome)  
Shall be made famous through all Christendome.  
How now *Bonner*.

*g Enter Bonner.*

*Bon.* Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse comes,  
To do a message to your excellence.

*Wool.* Delay him a while, and tell him we are busie,  
Meane time my Lords you shall withdraw your selues,  
Our private conference must not be knowne,  
Let all your gentlemen in their best array,  
Attend you brauely to King *Henries* Court,  
Where we in person presently will meete you:  
And doubt not we will preuaile successefully.

*Bon.* But hath your grace yet moued his highnesse after,  
For kind receprande of our Soveraignes loue.

*Wool.* I haue, and by the Kings meanes smilith it,  
And yet it was a taske, I tell yoe Lords,  
That might haue been imposed to *Hercules*,  
To win a Ladie of her spirit and yeares,  
To see her first loue crowned with silver haire,  
As old King *Lewes* is, that bedrid lies,  
Vnsit for loue, or worldly vanities.

*Bon.* But tis his Countries peace the King respects.

*Wool.* We thinke no lesse, & wee haue fully wrought it,  
The Emperours forces that were loued,  
To invade the frontyes of loe *Burgondie*,  
Are staid in Brabant by the Kings commaund,  
The Admirall *Hayward* that was lately sent,  
With three score saile of ships and pinaces,  
To batter downe the townes in Normandy,  
Is by our care for him, call home againe:  
Then doubt not of a safe successefull end,



*When you see me, you know me.*

Since *Woolfe* is esteemed your *Soveraignes* friend.

*Par.* We thanke your excellence, and take our leaues.

*Wool.* Hast ye to Court, Ie meet ye presently.

*Bone.* God morrow to your grace.

*Wool.* God morrow Lords, go call *Sir William Compton*.

We must haue narrow eyes, and quicke conceit,

To looke into these dangerous stratagems,

I will effect for *France*, as they forme:

If *Woolfe* to the Popes high state attaine,

The league is kept, or elle heele breakt againe.

*Enter Bonner and Compton.*

Now good *Sir William*.

*Comp.* The king my Lord intreates your reverent grace,

There may be had some priuate conference,

Betwixt his highnesse and your excellence,

Before he heere the French Embassadors,

And wils you hasten your repaire to him.

*Wool.* Wee will attend his highnesse presently,

*Bonner*, see all our traine be set in readinesse,

That in our state and pompe pontificall,

We may passe on to grace King *Henries* Court.

*Comp.* I haue a message from the *Queene* my Lord,

Who much commends, and humbly thanks your grace,

For your exceeding loue, and zealous prayers,

By your directions through all England sent:

To inuocate for her sound Prosperous helpe,

By heavens faire hand in Child-bed passions.

*Wool.* We thanke her highnesse that accepts our loue,

In all Cathedrall Churches through the Land,

Are Masses, Derges, and professions sung:

With prayers to heaven to blisse her Majestie,

And send her joy, and quicke delivery:

And so *Sir William* do my duty to her,

*Queene Iane* was euer kind and courtcous.

And alwaies of her Subiects honoured.

*Comp.* I take my leaue my Lord.

*Exit.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Wool.* Adew good Knight, wee follow presently.  
Now *Woolsey* worke thy wittes like gaddes of Steele,  
And make them plyable to all impressions,  
That King and Queene and all may honour thee:  
So toild not *Cæsar* in the state of Rome,  
As *Woolsey* labours in the affaires of Kings:  
As *Hanniball* with oyle did melt the Alpes:  
To make a passage into *Italie*:  
So must we beare our high pitch *Eminence*.  
To digge for glory in the hearts of men.  
Till wee haue got the Papall diadem:  
And to this end haue I composed this plot,  
And made a League betweene the French and vs:  
And match their aged King in holy Mariage,  
With Lady *Mary* Royall *Henries* sister:  
That he in peace complotting with the Emperor  
May plead for vs within the Courts of Rome.  
Wherefore was *Alexanders* fame so great,  
But that he conquered and deposed Kings,  
And where doth *Woolsey* faile to follow him,  
That thus commandeth Kings and Emperors?  
Great Englands Lord haue I so won with words:  
That vnder colour of advising him,  
I ouerrule both Councell, Court, and King:  
Let him command, but we will execute,  
Making our glorie to out shine his fame.  
Till we haue purchast an eternall name.

*Enter Bonner.*

Now *Bonner*, are those proclamations sent  
As we directed to the Sherifes of London,  
Of certaine new devised Articles,  
For ordering those brothelles called the *Scowes*?

*Bon.* They are readie my Lord, and the Shricue attends for them.

*Wool.* Dispatch him quickly, and hast after me;  
We must attend the Kings high Maiestie.

Sound Trumpets, Enter King *Henry* the Eighth, *Queene Jane* bigge with  
Child, the Cardinall, *Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolke*, *Dudley*, *Gray*,  
*Compton*, the Lady *Mary*, the Countesse of *Salisbury* attending on the  
King.

*When you see me, you know me.*

*King.* Charles Brandon, Dudley, and my good Lord Gray,  
Prepare your selues, and be in readinesse,  
To entertaine these French Embassadors,  
Meete them before our Royall Pallace Gate:  
And so conduct them to our Maiestie.  
We meane this day to giue them Audieñce.

*Dud. Gray.* Wee will my Lord.

*Bran.* Let one attend without.

And bring vs word when they are comming on.

*King.* How now *Queene Iane* (Mother of God) my loue  
Thou wilt never be able to sit halfe this time:  
Ladies, I feare shele wake ye, yer belong,  
Me thinks she beares her burthen very heavily,  
And yet good sister and my honored Lords,  
If this faire houre exceed not her expect,  
And passe the callender of her accounts,  
Shee will heare this Embassage, *Iane* wilt thou not?

*Qu: Iane.* Yes my deere Lord, I cannot leaue your sight  
So Long as life retaines this Mantion,  
In whose sweet lookes bright Soveraignties in-Throne,  
That make all nations loue and honor thee,  
Within thy frame sits awfull Maiestie,  
Wrethed in the curled furrowes of thy front:  
Admird and feard even of thine enemies;  
To be with thee, is my felicitie.  
Not to behold the state of all the world,  
Could winne thy *Queene*, thy sicke vniwildie *Queene*,  
To leaue her chamber, in this mothers state.  
But sight of thee vnequall Potentate.

*King.* God a-mercie *Iane*, reach me thy Princely hand,  
Thou art now a right woman, goodly, chiefe of thy sex,  
Me thinks thou art a *Queene* (suparlatiue,  
Mother a God, this is a womans glorie,  
Like good September Vines, loden with fruite,  
How ill did they define the name of women,  
Adding so foule a preposition:  
To call it woe to man, tis woe from man.  
If woe it be, and then who dus not know,

*When you see me, you know me:*

That women still from men receiue their woe.  
Yet, they loue men for it, but whars their gaine,  
Poore soules no more but trauaile for their paine;  
Come, loue thou art sad, call *Will Summers* in, to  
Make her merry, where is the foole to day.

*Dud.* Hewas met my Liege they say at London  
Early this morning with Doctor Skelton,

*King.* Hes never from thence, go let a grome be sent,  
And fetch him home, my good Lord Cardinall:  
Who are the chiefe of these Embassadors?

*Wol.* Lord *Bonnecet* the French high Admirall,  
And *Iohn de Mazo* reuerent Bishop of *Paris*.

*King.* Let their welcome be thy care good *Woolse*.

*Wool.* It shall my Liege.

*g Enter Compton.*

*King.* Spare for no cost, *Compton*, what newes?

*Comp.* Embassadors my Liege.

*King.* Inough, go giue them entertainement Lord,  
*Charles Brandon* heartst thou, giue them courtesie  
Inough, and state inough, go conduct them.

*Bran.* I go my Lord.

*g Enter Will Summers booted and spurred,  
blowing a borne.*

*King.* How now *William*, what? post, post, where haue you beene  
riding.

*Will.* Out of my way old *Harry*, I am all on the spurre, I can tell ye,  
I haue tidings worth telling.

*King.* Why, where hast thou bin.

*Will.* Marrie I rise early, and ride post to London, to know what  
newes was heere at Court.

*King.* Was that your neereft way *William*?

*Will.* O I, the verie foote path, but yet I rid the horse-way to  
here it, I warrant there is nere a Cund-head keeper in London, but  
knowes what is done in all the Courts in Christendome.

*Wool.* And what is the best newes there *William*?

*Will.* Good newes for you my Lord *Cardinall*, for



*When you see me, you know me.*

one of the old women Waterbeares told me for certaine, that last Friday all the belles in Rome Rang backward, there was a thousand Derges sung, sixe hundred Auemaries said; euery man washt his face in holy-water, the people crossing and blessing themselues to send them a new Pope for the old is gone to Purgatore.

*Wolfe.* Ha, ha, ha,

*Will.* Nay, my Lord you'd laugh, if it were so indeed, for euery body thinks if the Pope were dead, you gape for a benefice, but this newes my Lord is cald too good to be true.

*King.* But this newes came apace Will, that came from Rome to London since Fryday last.

*Will.* For, twas at Billings-gate by Saterdag Morning, twas a full Moone, and it came vp in a spring-tide.

*King.* Then you heere of the Embassadors that are come.

*Will.* I, I, and that was the cause of my ryding to know what they came for, I was told it all at a Barbers.

*King.* Ha, ha, what a fooles this, *Iane*, and what doe they say he comes for, Will.

*William.* Marry they say hee comes to craue thy aide against the great *Turk* that vowes to ouer-runne al *Fraunce* within this fortnight, he's in a terrible rage belike, and they say, the reason is, his old god *Mahomet* that was buried ith top on's Church at *Meca*, his Tombe fell downe, and kild a Sow and seven Pigges, wherevpon they thinke all swines flesh is new sanctified, and how it is thought the *Iemes* will fall to eating of Porke extreameely after it.

*King.* This is strange indeed, but is this all.

*Will.* No there is other newes that was told me, among the women at a backe-house, and that is this, they say, the great bell in *Glassenbury*. For has told twise, and that King *Arthur*, and his Knights of the round Table that were buried in Armour, are alieue againe, crying Saint *George* for *England*, and meane shortly to conquere Rome, marry this is thought to be but a morrall,

*King.* The Embassadors are comming, and heere *William* see that you be silent, when you see them heere.

*William.* Ile be wise and say little I warrant thee, and therefore till I see them come, Ile goe talke with the Queene; how dost thou *Iane*? firra *Harrie* shee lookes very bigge vppon mee, but I care not, and shee bring thee a young Prince, Will *Sommers* may hap's bee his

*When you see me, you know me.*

foote, when you two are both dead and rotten.

*King.* Go to William, how now *Iane* what groning,  
Gods me th' hast an angrie Soldiers frowne:

*William.* I thinke so *Harrie*, thou hast prest her often: I am sure  
this two yeares she has seru'd vnder thy standard.

*Qu. Iane.* Good sayth my Lord I must intreat your grace  
That with your favour I may leaue the presence:  
I cannot stay to heare this Embassage,

*Kin.* Gods holy mother, Ladies lead her to her chamber,  
Go bid the Midwiues, and the Nurses waight,  
Make holefome fiers and take her from the Ayer,  
Now *Iane* God bring mee but a chopping boy,  
Bee but a Mother to a Prince of Wales  
And a Nynth *Henrie* to the English Crowne,  
And thou mak'st full my hopes, faire *Queene* adew:  
And may heavens helping hand our joyes renew:

*Comp.* God make your Maiestie a happy Mother,

*Dud.* And helpe you in your weakest passions,  
With zealous prayer wee all will iuocate  
The powers deuine for your deliverie.

*Qu. Iane.* Wee thanke you all, and in faire entercange  
We'l pray for you: now on my humble knees,  
I take my leaue of your high Maiestie,  
God send your highnes long and happie Raigne,  
And blesse this Kingdome, and your subiects liues:  
And to your gracious heart all joye restore,  
I feare I shall never behold you more,

*King.* Doe not thinke so faire *Queene*, go to thy bed,  
Let not my loue be so discomforted.

*Will.* No, no, I warrant thee *Iane*, make hast and dispatch this.  
That thou mayst haue another against next Christmas

*King.* Ladi attend her, Countesse of Salisburie, sister  
Who first brings word that *Harrie* hath a Sonne (*Mary*  
Shall be rewarded well:

*Will.* I, Ile bee his suertie: but doe you heare wenches, shee that  
brings the first tydings howsoeuer it fall out, let her be sure to say the  
Childs like the father, or else she shall haue nothing.



*When you see me, you know me.*

*Enter Lords and Embassadors.*

*King.* Welcome Lord *Bonnenet*, Welcome Bishop  
What from our brother brings this Embassage.

*Bonnenet.* Most faire commends great and renowned *Henrie*,  
Wee in the person of our Lord and King,  
Heere of your highnesse, do intreat a League  
And to reedefie the former peace:

Held betwixt the Realmes of England and of Fraunce,  
Of late disordred, for some pettie wrongs:

And pray your Maiestie to stay your powers:

Already levied in low Burgandie,

Which to maintaine our oaths, shall be ingagde,

And to confirme it with more surety,

Hee craues your faire consent vnto his loue,

And giue the Lady *Marie* for his Queene,

The second sister to your Royall selfe.

So may an heire springing from both your bloods,

Make both Realmes happie by a lasting League.

*King.* Wee kindly doe receiue your Masters loue,

And yet our graunt stands strong vnto his suit,

If that no following censure feeble it:

For wee herein must take our Counsels aide.

But howsoever our answer shall be swift,

Meane time we graunt you faire access to woe,

And winne her (If you can) to be his Queene.

Our selfe will second you Right welcome both,

Lord Cardinall, these shall be your Guests,

But let our Treasure wast to welcome them:

Banquet them, how they will, what cheere, what sport,

Let them see *Harrie* keeps a Kingly Court:

*Woolfe.* I shall my Sovereigne. *Ex. Woolfe.*

*King.* With draw a while our selues wee follow ye.

Now *Will*, are you not deceiud in this Embassage,

You heard they came for aide against the Turke.

*Will.* Well then, now I see there is loud lies told in London,  
But als one for their comming's to as much purpose as the other:

*When you see me, you know me.*

*King.* And why I pray,

*Will.* Why dost thou thinke thy sister such a foole, to marry such an old *Dies veneris*, he get her with Prince? I, when either I, or the Cardinall prooue Pope, and that will never bee, I hope.

*King.* How knowest thou him to be old, thou never sawest him:

*Will.* No, nor he me, but I saw his picture with ner-a tooth e the head out, and all his beard as well favored as a white frost, but it is no matter, if he haue her, he will die shortly, and then she may helpe to bury him.

*Enter Ladies.*

1. *Lad.* Runne, Runne, good Maddam, call the Ladyes in : Call for more Womens helpe, the Queene is sicke.

2. *La.* For Gods loue go backe againe, and warme more clothes: O let the wine be well burned I charge. yee.

*Will.* I, in any case, or I cannot drinke it, doost thou heare *Harry*, what a coile they keepe: I warrant, these women will drinke thee vp more wine, with their gossipping, then was spent in all the Conduits at thy Coronation.

*Enter Lady Mary and the Countes of Salisbury.*

*King.* Tis no matter *Will*, How now Ladies.

*La: Mary.* I beseech your grace commaund the foole foorth of the prence.

*King.* Away *William*: you must be gone, her's womens matters in hand.

*Will:* Let them speake loe then, jle not out of the roome, sure,

*Count.* Come, come let's thrust him out, he's not sturre else:

*Will:* Thrust me, nay and yee goe to thrusting, jle thrust some of you downe I warrant ye.

*King.* Nay, goe good *William*.

*Will.* Ile out of their company *Harry*, they will scratch worse then Cats, if they catch me, therefore jle hence and leaue, God-boy Ladies do you heare Madame Mary, you had need to bee wary, my newes is worth a white-cake, you must play at tennis with old Saint *Dennis*, and your maiden-head must lye at the stake.

*Exit.*

*King.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*King.* Ha, ha, the foole tels you true (my gentle sister)  
But to onr businesse, how faires my Queene?  
How fares my *Iane*, has shee a sonne for me?  
To raise againe our Kingdomes Soveraignty.

*Lady Mary.* That yet rests doubtfull, O my Princely Lord.  
Your poore distressed Queene lyes weake and sicke,  
And be it sonne or daughter, deere shee buyes it,  
Even with her deere life, for one must dye:  
All Womens helpe is past. Then good my Leige,  
Resolue it quickly, if the Queene shall liue.  
The Child must dye, or if it life receiues,  
You must your haples Queene of life bereaue,

*King.* You pierce me with your newes, run, send for helpe.  
Spend the reuenues of my Crowne for aide,  
To saue the life of my beloved Queene:  
How hap't shee is so ill attended on.  
That wee are put to this extremity,  
To saue the Mother or the Child to dye.

*Countesse.* I beseech your grace resolue immediately,

*King.* Immediately (saist thou) O, tis no quicke resolue:  
Can giue good verdit in so sad a choise:  
To loose my Queene, that is my some of blisse,  
More vertuous than a thousand Kingdomes be,  
And should I loose my sonne (if Some it be),  
That all my Subiects so desire to see.  
I loose the hope of this great Monarchy.  
What shall I doe?

*Lady Mary.* Remember the Queene my Lord:

*King.* I not forget her (Sister) O poore soule,  
But I forget thy paine and miserie,  
Goe, let the Child die; let the Mother liue,  
Heavens powerfull hand may more Children giue:  
Away, and comfort her with our reply,  
*Harry* will haue his Queene though thousands die.  
I know no issue of her Princely wombe:  
Why then should I preferre't before her life.  
Whose death ends all my hopefull joyes on earth.  
God's will be done, for sure it is his will,

*Ex. Ld.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

For secret reasons to himselfe best knowne:  
Perhaps he did mould forth a Sonne for me,  
And seeing (that sees all) in his creation,  
To be some impotent and coward spirit,  
Vnlike the figure of his Royall Father:  
Has thus decreed, least hee should blurre our fame,  
As Whylome did the sixt King of my name  
Loose all, his Father (the first Henrie) wonne.  
He thanke the Heavens for taking such a Sonne.  
Whose within there?

*Enter Compton.* My Lord.

*King.* Goe *Compton*, bid Lord *Seimer* come to me,  
The honor'd Father of my wofull Queene.  
Now now what newes?

*Lady Mary.* Wee did deliuer what your highnesse wold,  
Which was no sooner by her grace receiu'd:  
But with the sad report, shee seemd as dead,  
Which causd vs stay, after recouerie.  
She sent vs backe tintreate your Maiestie,  
As euer you did take delight in her,  
As you preferre the quiet of her soule,  
That now is ready to forsake this life,  
As you desire to haue the life of one,  
She doth intreate your grace that shee may die,  
Least both doth perish in this agonie:  
For to behold the infant suffer death,  
Were endlesse tortures, made to stop her breath.  
Then to my Lord (quoth she) thus gently say,  
The Child is faire, the Mother earth and clay.

*King.* Sad messenger of woe; oh my poore Queene,  
Canst thou so soone consent to leaue this life,  
So precious to our soule, so deere to all,  
To yeeld the hopefull issue of thy loines,  
To raise our second comfort, well, be it so:  
Ill, be it so: stay, I reuoke my word,  
But that you say helps not, for she must dye:  
Yet if ye can saue both, ile giue my crowne:  
Nay, all I haue, and enter bonds for more,

Which

*When you see me, you know me.*

Which with me conquering sword with fury bent,  
Ile purchase in the farthest continent,  
Use all your chiefest skill, make hast away,  
Whilst we for your successe devoutly pray.

*Enter Lord Seymer.*

*Seym.* All joy and happinesse betide my Soveraighe.

*King.* Ioy, be it good Lord *Seymer* noble Father,  
Or joy, or griefe, thou hast a part in it,  
Thou comst to greet vs in a doubtfull houre,  
Thy daughter and my Queene lies now in paine,  
And if I loose, *Seymer* thou canst not gaine.

*Sey.* Yet comfort, good my Liege, this womans woe  
Why? tis as certaine to her as her death,  
Both given her in her first creation:  
It is a sorrow to sweete, given them at first  
By their first Mother, then put sorrow hence:  
Your grace, ere long shall see a gallant Prince.

*King.* Be thou a Prophet *Seymer* in thy words,  
Thy louesome comfort to our hopes affoord,  
How now.

*Enter two Ladies.*

*Count.* My gracious Lord, heere I present to you,  
A goodly sonne: see heere your flesh, your bone,  
Looke heere Royall Lord, I warrant tis your owne.

*Sey.* See heere my Liege, by the rood a gallant Prince,  
Ha little cakebred, foregod a chopping boy.

*King.* Even now I wept with sorrow, now with joy,  
Take that for thy good newes, how fares my Queene.

*Enter Mary and one Lady.*

*Count.* O my good Lord, the wofull.

*King.* Tell no more of woe, speake, doth she live?  
What? weepe ye all; nay, then my heart misgiues,  
Resolue me sister, is the newes worth hearing.

*Ex. Mary.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Lady Mary.* Nor worth the telling, Royall Sovereigne.

*King.* Now, by my Crowne, thou dimst my royaltie,  
And with thy clowdie lookes eclipsst my ioyes,  
Thy silent eye bewraies a ruthfull sound,  
Stopt in the organs of thy troubled spirit:  
Say, is shee dead.

*La. Mary.* Without offence she is.

*King.* Without offence, saist thou, heaven take my soule,  
What can be more offensiue to my life:

Then sad remembrance of my faire Queenes death,

Thou wofull man, that camst to comfort me:

How shall I ease thy hearts calamitie?

That cannot helpe thy selfe: how one sad minute,

Hath raisd a fount of sorrowes in his eies,

And beard his aged cheekes, yet *Seymer* see,

She hath left part of her selfe, a sonne to mee:

To thee a ground-child, vnto the land a Prince,

The perfect substance of his royall Mother,

In whom her memorie shall ever liue;

*Phenix* Iana obis nato *Phenice*,

*Dolendum secula phenices nulla tulisse duas.*

One *Phenix* dying, giues another life,

Thus must wee flatter our extreamest griefe.

What day is this.

*Cump.* Saint *Edwards* euen my Lord.

*King.* Prepare for christning, *Edward* shall be his name,

*Enter the Cardinall, Embassadors.*

*Bonner and Gardier.*

*Wool.* My Lords of Fraunce you haue had small cheere with vs,

But you must pardon vs, the times are sad,

And sorts not now for mirth and banqueting:

Therefore I pray make your swift returne,

Commend me to your King, and kindly tell him,

The English Cardinall will remaine his friend,

The Lady *Mary* shall be forthwith sent,

And overtake ye ere you reach to *Dover*:

When you see me, you know me: 3

And for the businesse that concernes the league,  
Urge it no more, but leave it to my care.

*Bone.* Wee thanke your grace, my good Lord Cardinall,  
And so with thankfullnesse we take our leaues.

*Wool.* Happilie speed my honorable Lords,  
My heart, I sweare, still keepes you company,  
Farewell to both, pray your King remember  
My sute betwixt him and the Emperour,  
Wee shall be thankfull, if they thinke on vs.

*Par.* We will be earnest in your cause my Lord,  
So of your grace we once more take our leaues.

*Wool.* Again farewell, *Bonner* conduct them forth,  
Now *Gardner*, what thinkst thou of these times.

*Gard.* Well, that the leagues confirmd, my gracious Lord,  
Ill, that I feare the death of good *Queene Iane*,  
Will cause new troubles in our state againe.

*Wool.* Why thinkst thou so?

*Gard.* I feare false *Luthers* doctrines spread so farre,  
Least that his highnesse now vnmarried,  
Should match amongst that sect of *Lutherans*,  
You saw how soone his Maiestie was wonne,  
To scorne the Pope, and Romes religion,  
When *Queene Anne Bullen* wore the diadem.

*Wool.* *Gardner* tis true, so was the rumor spread:  
But *Woolsie* wrought such meanes shee lost her head,  
Tush feare not thou whilst *Harries* life doth stand,  
Hee shall be King, but we will rule the land.

*Bonner* come hither, you are our trustie friend:  
See that the treasure we haue gathered,  
The Copes, the Vestments, and the Challices,  
The smoake pence, and the tributary fees,  
That English chimnies pay the Church of Rome:  
Be barreld close within the inner seller,  
Wele send it over shortly to prepare,  
Our swift aduancement to Saint *Peters* chaire,  
Be trustie, and be sure of honors speedilie,  
The King hath promised at the next election,  
*Bonner* shall haue the Bishopricke of London.



*When you see me, you know me*

*Bon.* I humbly thanke your grace.

*Wool.* And *Gardner* shall be Lord of *Winchester*:

Had wee our hopes, what shall you not be then,

When we haue got the Papall diadem.

*Exeunt.*

*g Enter Brandon, Dudley, Gray, Seymer, Compton.*

*Bran.* How now Sir *William Compton*, where is the King?

*Cum.* His grace is walking in the gallery,

As sad and passionate as ere he was.

*Dud.* Twere good your grace went in to comfort him.

*Bran.* Not I Lord *Dudley*, by my George I sweare,  
Vnlesse his Highnesse first had sent forme,  
I will not put my head in such a hazzard,  
I know his anger, and his spleene too well.

*Gray.* Tis strange, this humor hath his highnesse held,  
Ever since the death of good *Queene Iane*,  
That none dares venture to conferre with him.

*g Enter Cardinall, Sommers, and Patch.*

*Dud.* Heere comes the Cardinall.

*Bran.* I, and two fooles after him, his Lordship is well attended  
still.

*Sem.* Lets win this Prelate to salate the King,  
It may perhaps worke his disgrace with him.

*Wool.* How now *William*, what? are you heere ro.

*Will.* I my Lord, all the fooles follow you, I come to bid my cosin  
*Patch* welcome to the Court, and when I come to *Yorke* house, hele  
do as much for me, will yee not *Patch*?

*Pat.* Yes cosin, hey, da, tere, dedell, dey, day.

*scng.*

*Wool.* What, are you singing sirra.

*Will.* Ile make him crie as fast anon I hold a penny.

*Dud.* God morrow to your grace my good Lord Cardinall.

*Wool.* Wee thanke your honour.

*Enter King within.*

*King.* What *Compton*, *Caren*,

*Call within.*

*Bran.* Harke, the King cals.

*King.* Mother of God, how are wee attended on: who waight  
without.

*Bran.*



*When you see me, you know me*

*Bran.* Go in sir *William*, and if you find his grace  
In any milder temper then he was last night,  
Let vs haue word, and wee will visit him.

*Cump.* I will my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Wool.* What is the occasion, the Kings so moou'd.

*Bran.* His grace hath taken such an inward greefe,  
With sad remembrance of the Queene that's dead:  
That much his highnesse wrongs his state and person.  
Besides in Ireland do the Burkes rebell,  
And stout *Pearse* that disclof'd the plot,  
Was by the Earle of *Kildare* late put to death,  
And *Martin Luther* out of Germanie;  
Has writ a booke against his Majestie,  
For taking part with proud Pope *Iulius*,  
Which beeing spread by him through Christendome,  
Hath thus incens'd his Royall Majestie.

*Wool.* Tush, I haue newes, my Lord, to salue that fore,  
And make the King more feard through christendome,  
Then ever was his famous aunccestors:  
Nor can base *Luther* with his heresies,  
Backt by the proudest germaine Potentate;  
Heretically blurre King *Henries* fame:  
For honour that he did Pope *Iulius*,  
Who in high favour of his Majestie,  
Hath sent *Campens* with a Bull from Rome,  
To adde vnto his title this high stile:  
That hee and his faire posteritie,  
Proclaime defenders of the faith shall be:  
For which intent the holy Cardinals come,  
As Legats from the Emperiall court of Rome.

*Gray.* This newes, my Lord, may something ease his mind,  
Twere good your grace would go and visit him.

*Wool.* I will, and doubt not but to please him well.

*Seym.* So, I am glad he's in, and the King be no better pleased  
then he was at our last parting; hele make him repent him saucines.

*Bran.* How now old *William*, how chance you go not to the King  
and comfort him.

*Will.* No birladie, my Lord, I was with him too lately already,

*When you see me, you know me?*

his fist is too heauie for a foole to stand vnder, I went to him last night, after you had left him, seeing him chafe so at *Charles*, heere to make him merrie: and he gaue me such a boxe on the eare, that stroke me cleane through three Chambers, downe foure paire of staires, fell ore five barrells, into the bottome of the seller, and if I had not well lickard my selfe there, I had never liu'd after it.

*Bran.* Faith will, jle giue the a veluet coate, and thou canst but make him merrie.

*Will.* Will ye my Lord, and jle venter another boxe on the eare but ile do it.

*Enter Compton.*

*Comp.* Cleare the preface there, the King is comming, Gods me, my Lords, what meant the Cardinall, So vnexpected thus to trouble him.

*Gray.* Is the King mour'd at it.

*¶ Enter the King and Volsie.*

*Compt.* Iudge by his countenance, see he comes.

*Bran.* Ile not indure the storme.

*Dud.* Nor I.

*Will.* Rutine foole, your Maister will be feld esse.

*King.* Did Wee not charge that none should trouble vs,

Presumtuous Priest, proud prelate as thou art,

How comes it your are growne so fauile lye,

Thusto presume vpon our patience,

And croisse our Royall thought distrustd and vext,

By all your negligence in our estate,

Of vs and of our countries happinesse.

*Vvol.* My gracious Lord.

*King.* Fawning beast stand backe:

Or by my crowne, jle foote thee to the earth,

Wheres *Brandon*, *Surrey*, *Seymer*, *Gray*,

Where is your counsell now, O now ye crooch,

And stand like pictures at our presenee doore,

Call in our guard, and beare them to the Tower,

Mother of God jle haue the traitors heads,

Go, haile them to the blocke, vp, vp, stand vp,

*When you see me, you know me.*

He make you know your duties to our state,

Am I a cypher, is my sight growne stale,

Am I not *Harrie*, am I not *Englands King*, Ha.

*William*. So la, now the watch words given, nay and hee once say  
ha, neare a man in the court dare for his head *speake againe*, live close  
colin *Patch*.

*Patch*. He not come neare him colin, has almost kild me with his  
countenance.

*Kim*. Wee have been too familiar now I see,

And you may dally with our Maistie:

Where are my pages there.

*Enter Pages.*

*Page*. My Lord.

*King*. Truste sirra, none to put my garter on,

Giue me somewine, heer's stiffe a the tother side,

Proud Cardinall who follow'd our affaires in *Italy*,

That wee that honor'd so Pope *Inlin*,

By dedicating bookes at thy request,

Against that vpstart sect of *Lutherans*,

Should by that heretike be banded thus,

But by my *George*, I sweare, if *Henric* live,

He hunt base *Luther* through all *Germanie*,

And pull those seven electors on their knees,

If they bur backe him against our dignitie,

Base flauie tie lost, thou hurst my legges,

And now in *Ireland* the *Burkes* rebell,

And with his stubborne kernes makes hourelly rodes,

To burne the borders of the *English Pale*,

And which of all your counsels helps vs now.

*Enter Cumpston with wine.*

*Cumpton*. Here's wine, my Lord.

*King*. Drinke, and be dambd, I crie thee mercy *Cumpton*.

What the diuell mentst thou to come behind me for,

I did mistake, ile make thee amends for it,

By holy *Paule*, I am so crost and vext,

I knew not what I did, and here at home,

Such carefull statesmen do attend vs,

*When you see me, you know me.*

And lookes so wisely to our Common weale,  
That we haue ill May-daies, and riots made:  
For lawlesse rebels do disturb our state,  
Wee thinke times this feareme, haue wee in person late,  
Both in the starr chamber, and Chauncery courts,  
To heare our subiects suites determined:  
Yet tis your office *Woolfe*, but all of you  
May make a Packhorse of King *Henry* now:  
Well, what would ye say?

*Wool.* Nothing that might displease your Maiestie,  
I haue a message from the Pope to you.

*King.* Then keepe it still, wee will not heare it yet,  
Get all of you away, avoid our presence,  
Wee cannot yet commaund our patience,  
Reach me a chaire.

*Bran.* Now *Wil*, or never, make the king but smile,  
And with thy mirthfull toyes allay his spleene,  
That we his counsell, may conferre with him,  
And by my Honor, ile reward thee well,  
Too him good *Will*?

*Will.* Not to fast, I pray, least *Will Sam*: nere be seene againe, I know  
his qualities as wel as the best an ye: for ever when he's angrie, and  
no body dare speake to him, he thrust me in by the head and shoul-  
ders, and then we fall to bums, but I know who has the worst ant:  
but go, my Lord, stand aside, and stirre not till I call yee, let my co-  
sin *Patch* and I alone, and he goe boxing, we'll fall both vpon him,  
thats certaine: but and the worst come, bee sure that the Cardinals  
foole shall pay fort.

*Bran.* Use your best skill, good *William*, ile not be seene, vntill  
I see him smile.

*Will.* Where art thou cosin, alas poore foole, he's crept vnder the  
table, vp cosin, feare nothing, the stormes past, I warrant thee.

*Patch.* Is the King gone, cosin?

*Will.* No, no, yonder he sits, we are all friends now, the Lords are  
gone to dinner, and thou and I must waite at the Kings table.

*Patch.* Not I birlady, I would not waite vpon such a Lord, for  
all the livings in the Land, I thought hee would haue kild my Lord  
Cardi nall, he lookt so terribly.

*Will.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Will.* Foe, he did but jest with him, but ile tell thee cosen the most  
tricke to be reveng'd all paises, and ile giue thee this fine silke point,  
and thou'ldo it.

*Patch.* O braue, o braue, giue me it cosin, and ile do what soeuer is.

*Will.* Ile stand behind the post heere, and thou shalt goe softly  
stealing behind him, as he sits reading yonder, and when thou com'st  
close to him, cry ho, ho, and wile scare him so, he shall not tell where  
to rest him.

*Patch.* But will hee not be angry?

*Will.* No, no, for then ile shew my selfe, and after hee sees who ris,  
hele lafe and be as merry as a mag-pie, and thou'lt bee a made man  
by it, for all the house shall see him hugge thee in his armes, and dan-  
dle thee vp and downe with hand and foot an thou wert a footeball.

*Patch.* O fine, come cosen, giue me the point first, and ile rore so  
loud that ile make him belecue that the diuels come.

*Will.* So doe and feare nothing, for an thou wert the diuell him-  
selfe, hele coniure thee I warrant thee, I would not haue such a con-  
iuring for twenty Crownes: but when hee has made way, ile make  
him merry enough, I doubt it not, so so now cosen looke to your  
Coxecombe.

*Patch.* Boe.

*King.* Mother of God whats that.

*Patch.* Boe.

*King.* Out asse and tumble at my feete,  
For thus ile spurne thee vppe and downe the house.

*Patch.* Helpe cosen, helpe.

*Will.* No cosen, now he's conjuring, I dare not come neere him.

*King.* Who set this naffall heere to trouble me.

*Enter Comp.* Whose that stands laffing there, the foole, ha, ha,

Wheres *Compton*. Mother a God I haue found his drift, tis the cra-  
tiest old villaine in Christendome, marke good Sir William, because  
the foole durst not come neere himselfe, seeing our anger, sent this  
silly Asse, that wee might wreake our Royall spleene on him: whilest  
hee stands laffing to behold the jest, bish blessed Lady. (*Compton*)  
ile not leaue the foole, to gaine a million, he contents me so, come  
hether will.

*Will.* Ile know whether yee haue done knocking first, my cosen

*Patch* looks pittifully, ye had best be friends with vs I can tell you:  
weele

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Will.* I would faine see you out of your skin els.

*King.* Alas, poore patch, hold firra there's an Angell to buy you points.

*Will.* Law cosin, did not I say he'd make much on ye, O don't I know I cosin, but has made such a singing in my head I cannot see where I am.

*Will.* All the better cosin, and your head fall a singing, your feete may fall a dauncing, and so saue charges to the piper.

*King.* *Will. Summers*, prethee tell me why didst thou send him first.

*Will.* Because he haue him haue the first fruites of thy furie. I know how the matter stood with the next that distrub'd thee, therefore I kept it in yereward, that if the battaile grew too hot, I might run presently.

*King.* But wherefore came ye.

*Will.* To make thee leaue thy mellancholly, and turne merry man againe, thou hast made all the Court in such a pittifull case as pallas, the Lords has attended here this foure daies, and none dares speake to thee, but thou art ready to choppe off their heads fort: and now I seeing what a fretting furie thou continuest in, and euerie one said two'd kill thee if thou keepst it, puld eene vp my heart, and vovd to loose my head, but I'll make thee leaue it.

*King.* Well *William*, I am beholding to ye.  
Ye shall haue a new Coate and a cap for this.

*Will.* Nay then, I shall haue two new coates and cappes, for *Charles Brandon* promised me one before, to performe this enterprife.

*King.* He shall keepe his word will, go call him in,

Call in the Lord, all them our spleene is calmbd:

Mother a God we must giue way to wrath,

That chafes our Royall blood with anger thus:

And v'se some mirth I see to comfort vs.

Draw neere vs Lords, *Charles Brandon* list to me:

*Will. Summers* here must haue a coate of you,

But *Patch* has earned it dearest, wheres the foole?

*Will.* Hees enne creeping as neere the doore as hee can,

Heele faine begon I see, and hee could get out,

Wouldst thou not cosin?

*Patch.* Yes cosin *Will.* I'd faine be walking, I am afraid I am not as I should be.

*Will.*



*When you see me, you know me* 1311

*Will.* Come, Ile helpe thee out then, dost thou heare my Lord Cardinall, your foole is in a pittifull taking, hee smells terrible.

*Wool.* You are too craftie for him *William*,

*King.* So is he *Woolsey* credit me.

*Wil.* I thinke so my Lord; as long as *Will* liues, the Cardinals foole must giue way to the Kings foole.

*King.* Well sir be quiet, and my reuerend Lords, I thanke you for your patient suffering, Wee were disturbed in our thoughts we sweare, Wee now intreat you speake, and we will heare,

*Wool.* Then may it please your sacred Majestie.

*Campeus* Legate to his holinesse, Attends with letters from the Court of Rome.

*King.* Let him draw neere, weele giue him audience, *Dudley*, and *Gray*, Attend the Cardinall, And bring *Campeus* to our presence here:

*Dud. Gray.* Wee go my Lord.

*Enter Lords and Legats.*

*King.* *Brandon* and *Seymer*, place your selues by vs, To heare this Message from his holinesse, You reverent Princes pillras of the Church: Legats Apostolike, how fares the Pope,

*Campeus.* In health great *King*, and from his sacred lips: I bring a blessing Apostolicall To English *Henry* and his Subjects all: And more to manifest his loue to thee, The prop and pillar of the Churches peaces: And gratifie thy loue made plaine to him, In learned bookes gainst *Luthers* heresie, He sends me thus to greet thy Maiestie: With stile and titles of high dignitie, Command the Heralds and the Trumpets forth,

*Seym.* Gentlemen dispatch and call them in:

*Will.* Lord bleise vs, whats here to doe now.

*Campe.* Receiue this Bull sent from his holinesse, For confirmation of his dignitie

*When you see me, you know me.*

To thee, and to thy faire posteritie.

*Will.* Tiswell the Kings is a widdower, and ye had put forth your Bull with his hornes forward, jde haue mard your message, I can tell ye.

*King.* Peace. *Will.* Herralds attend him:

*Campe.* Trumpets prepare whilst we alowd pronounce  
This sacred message from his holiness,

And in his reverent name I heere proclaime

Henrie the Eight by the grace of God,

King of England, France and Ireland.

And to this title, from the Pope we giue,

Defender of the faith in Peace to liue:

*Wool.* Sound Trumpets, and God saue the King.

*King.* Wee thanke his holiness for this Princely favour,  
Receiuing it with thanks and reverence:

In which whilst we haue life, his Grace shall see,

Our sword defender of the faith shall bee.

Goe one of you salute the Maior of London,

Bid him with Herralds and with Trumpets found,

Proclaime our titles through his government,

Goe *Gray*, see indone, attend him fellows:

*Gray.* I goe my Lord, Trumpets follow me.

*Exit.*

*King.* What more Lord Legate doth his holiness will,

*Campe.* That *Henrie* joyning with the Christian Kings,

Of France and Spaine, Denmarke, and Portogale,

Would send an Armie to assaile the Turke,

That now invades with warre the Ile of Rhodes,

Or send twelue thousand pound to be disposed,

As his holiness thinks best for their releife.

*Will.* I thought so, I knew twould be a monny matter, when als done, now thart defender of the Faith, the Pope will haue thee defend every thing: himselfe and all.

*King.* Take hence the foole.

*Will.* I, when can ye tell? dost thou thinke any oth Lords will take the foole, none here, I warrant, except the Cardinals.

*King.* What a knavish fooles this, Lords you must beare with him, come hether *Will*, what saist thou to this new title given vs by  
the



*When you see me, you know me*

the Pope, speake, ist not rare?

*Will.* I know not how rare it is, but I know how deere twill bee, for I perceiue twill cost thee twelue thousand pounds, at least, besides the Cardinalls cost in comming.

*King.* All thats nothing, the title of Defender of the Faith is worth ye twile as much, say, is innot.

*Will.* No by my troth, dost heare old *Harrie*; I am sure the true faith is able to defend it selfe without thee, and as for the Popes faith (good faith's) not worth a farthing; and therefore giue him not a penny.

*King.* Goe too sirra, meddle not you with the Popes matters.

*Will.* Let him not meddle with thy matters then, for, and he meddle with thee, jle meddle with him thats certaine, and so farewell; Ile goe and meete my little young Master Prince *Edmund*; they say hee comes to Court to night, Ile to horsebacke, prethee *Harry* send one to hold my sturrup; shall I tell the Prince what the Pope has done.

*King.* I and thou wilt *Will*, hee shall be Defender of the faith too, one day.

*Will.* No, and he and I can defend our selues, wee care not, for we are sure the faith can.

*Exit.*

*King.* Lord Legate, so we reverence Rome and you, As nothing you demaund, shall be denied: The Turke will we expell from Christendome, Sending stout souldiersto his holinesse, And money to relieue distressed *Rhoades*: So if you please, passe in to banquetting. Goe Lords attend them, *Brandon* and *Compton* stay, Wee haue some businesse to conferre vppon.

*Cum.* Wee take our leaue.

*Exit.*

*King.* Most heartie welcome to my reverent Lords. So, now to our businesse, *Brandon* say, Heare ye no tidings from our Sister *Marie*, Since her arrivall in the Realme of *France*?

*Bran.* Thus much we heard my Lord, at *Cales* met her The youthfull *Dolphin*, and the Peeres of *France*: And brauely brought her to the King at *Towers*, Where he both married her, and crown'd her *Queene*.

*King.* Tis well, but *Brandon* and *Compton* list to me,

*When you see me, you know me.*

I must imploy your aide and secrecie,  
This night we meane in some disguised shap,  
To visit *London*, and to walke the round,  
Passe through their watches, and obserue the care,  
And speciall diligence to keepe our peace.  
They say night-walkers, houely passe the streets,  
Committing theft, and hated sacriledge:  
And slightly passe vnstaied, or vnpunished,  
Goe *Compton*; goe, and get me some disguise,  
This night wee see our Cities gouernment:  
*Brandon*, do you attend at *Baynards-Castle*,  
*Compton* shall goe disguise along with me,  
Our swords and bucklers shall conduct vs safe,  
But if wee catch a knock to quit our paine,  
Wee le put it vp, and hie vs home againe.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Constable and Watch: Prichall the*

*Cobler beeing one bearing a*

*Lant-borne.*

*Constable.* Come neighbours, we haue a straight commaund,  
Our warches be seuerely lookt into:  
Much theft and murder was committed lately,  
There are two strangers, Marchants of the *Stillyard*  
Cruelly slaine, found floating on the *Temmes*:  
And greatly are the *Stewes* had in suspect,  
As places fitting for no better vse,  
Therefore be carefull, and examine all,  
Perhaps we may attache the murderer.

*Watch.* Nay I assure yee Maister Constable, those stew-houses  
are places of much slaughter and redemption, and many cruell deeds  
of equitie and wickednesse are committed there, for diuers good  
men loose both their money and their computation by them, I ab-  
iure yee, how say you neighbour *Prichall*?

*Cob.* Neighbour *Capcase*, I know you're a man of courage, and  
for the merrie *Cobler* of *Limefrecke*, tho I sit as lowe as *Saint*  
*Faithes*, I can looke as high as *Paules*. : I haue in my dayes walkte

*When you see me, you know me.*

to the stewes as well as my neighbours, but if the mad wenches fall to murdering once, and cast men into the *Thames*, I haue done with them, ther's no dealing, if they carry fire in one hand, and water in th tother.

*Constable.* Well maisters wee are now plac'd about the Kings  
(businesse,

And I know ye all sufficient in the knowledge of it,

I need not to repeate your charge againe :

Good neighbours, vse your greatest care I pray,

And if vnrulely persons trouble yee,

Call and jle come : so syrs goodnight.

*Exit Constable.*

*1 Watch.* Godyegodnight and twentie sir, I warrant yee, yee need not reconcile to our charge, vor some on vs has discharged the place this forty yeare I am sure. Neighbours what thinke you best to bee done?

*Cob.* Every man according to his calling neighbour, if the enemy come, heere lies my towne of Garrison, I set on him as I set on a patch, if hee tread on this side, I vnderlay him on this side, or prick him through both sides, I yerke him, and tricke him, pare him and peece him, then hang him vp beth heeles till Sunday.

*1 Wat.* How say yee, by my faith neighbour *Prichall* yee speake to the purpose, for indeed neighbours, every sensible watch-man is to seeke the best reformation to his owne destruction.

*2 Wat.* But what thinke yee neighbours, if every man take a nap now, eth fore hand eth night, and goe to bed afterward.

*Cob.* That were not amisse neither, but and youle take but every man his pot first, youle sleepe like the man eth Moone yfaith.

*2 Doe* yee thinke neighbour, there is a man eth Moone?

*1 Wat.* I assure yee in a cleere day, I haue seente at midnight.

*2 Wat.* Of what occupation is he trow?

*Cob.* Some thinks he's a shepheard, because ons dog, some saies he's a Baker going to heate his Oven with a bawen ats backe, but the plaine truth is, I thinke he was a cobbler, for yee know what the song sayes, I see a man eth Moone, fie man, fie, I see a man eth Moone, clowting *S. Peters* shoone, & so by this reason, he should be a cobbler.

*1 Wat.* By my fekings he saith true, alas, alas, goodman *Dermoisie*

*When you see me, you know me.*

hath euen giuen vp the gost already, tis an honest quiet soule I warrant yee.

*Cob.* It behoues vs all to be so, how do yee neighbour *Dormouse*?

*Dor.* Godspeed yee, godspeed yee, nay and ye goe a gods-name, I haue nothing to say to yee.

*2* Lawe yee, his minds ons businesse, though he be nere so slepie.

*Cob.* Come lets all joyne with him and steale a nap, euery man my maisters to his severall stall.

*2* Agreed, Godnight good neighbours.

*Cob.* Nay, lets take no leaue, jle but winke a while, and see you againe.

*J* Enter King, and Compton, with bills on his backe.

*King.* Come sir *William*,  
Wee may now stand vpon our guard you see,  
The watch has giuen vs leaue to Arme our selues,  
They feare no daunger, for they sleepe secure:  
Goe carrie those bills wee tooke to *Baynards Castle*,  
And bid *Charles Brandon* to disguise himselfe,  
And meet me presently at *Grace Church* corner,  
Wee will attempt to passe through all the watches,  
And so I tak't it will be an easie taske,  
Therefore make hast.

*Cump.* I will my Liege.

*King.* The watch-word if I chanceto send to yee,  
Is the great Stagge of *Baydon*, so my name shall bee.

*Comp.* Inough, weele thinke on it. *Exit.*

*King.* So, now weele forward, soft yonder's light,  
I and a watch, and all asleepe burlady:

These are good peaceable Subiects, her's none  
Beckens to any, all may passe in Peace: Ho sirra.

*Cob.* Stand, who goes there?

*King.* A good fellow. Stands a hainous word ethe Kings high-way,  
you haue beene at Noddie, I see.

*Cob.* I, and the first card comes to my hand's a knaue.

*King.* I am a Coatecard indeed.

*Cob.* Then thou must needes be a knaue, for thou art neither  
King nor Queene, (I am sure) But whether goest thou?

*King,*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*King.* About a little businesse that I haue in hand.

*Cob.* Then good night, prethee trouble mee no longer.

*King.* Why this is easie enough, her's passage at pleasure,  
What wretch so wicked, would not giue faire words

After the fouleſt fact of Villanie?

That may escape vnſeene ſo eaſily,

Or what ſhould let him that is ſo reſolu'd

To murder, rapine, theft, or ſacriledge?

I ſee the Cittie are the ſleepeie heads,

To do it, and paſſe thus examined.

Fond heedeleſſe men, what bootes it for a King,

To toyle himſelfe in his high ſtate affaires,

To ſummon Parliaments, and call together

The wiſeſt heads of all his Prouinces:

Making ſtatutes for his Subiects peace.

That thus neglecting them, their woes increaſe.

Well weele further on, ſoft heere comes one,

He ſtay and ſee, how he escapes the watch.

*Enter Blacke Will.*

*Black Will.* So, now I am got within the Cittie, I am as ſafe as in  
a Sanctuarie: it is a hard world, when *Black Will* for a venture of  
five pound, muſt commit ſuch pettie robberies at *Mile-end*, but the  
plaine truth is, the Stewes from whence I had my quartaridge is now  
growne too hot for me: ther's ſome ſuſpection of a murther lately  
done vppon two Marchants of the *Stilliard*, which indeed as farre  
as ſome five or ſixe ſtabs comes too, I confeſſe I had a hand in. But  
mumbudget, all the Dogges in the towne muſt not barke at it. I  
muſt withdraw a while till the heate be ore, remooue my lodging,  
and liue vpon darke nights and miſtie Mornings. Now let me then  
ſee, the ſtrongeſt watch in London intercept my paſſage.

*King.* Such a fellow would I faine meet withall:  
Well ouertaken ſir.

*Black Will.* Sblood come before me ſir:  
What a Diuell art thou?

*King.* A man at leaſt.

*Black.* And art thou valiant.

*King.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*King.* I carry a sword and Buckler yee see.

*Black.* A sword and a buckler, and know not mee,  
*Not Blacke Will?*

*King.* No trust mee.

*Blacke Will.* Slaue, then thou art neither Traueller, nor Purse-taker : for I tell thee, *Blacke Will* is knowne and feared through these-  
teene Prouinces: ther's not a sword & buckler man in *England* nor  
*Europe*, but has had a tast of my man-hood. I am tole-free in all Ci-  
ties and the Subburbs about them: this is my Sconce, my Castle, my  
Cittadell, and but *King Harry*, God bleffe his Maiestie, I feare not  
the proudest.

*King.* O yes, some of his guard.

*Blacke Willis:* Let his guard eat beefe and be thankefull, giue mee a  
man will couer himselfe with his buckler, and not booge and the di-  
vel come.

*King.* Me thinks thou wert better liue at Court as I doe,  
*King Harry*, loues a man, I can tell yee.

*Blacke Will.* Would thou and all the men hee keepes were hangd,  
and ye loue not him then : but I will not change my reuenues for all  
his guards wages.

*King.* Hast thou such store of living?

*Blacke Will.* Art thou a good fellow?  
May I speake freely, and wilt not tell the *King* ont?

*King.* Keepe thine owne counsell, and feare not,  
For of my faith the *King* shall know no more for me then thou telst  
him.

*Will.* And I tell him any thing let him hang me : but for thy selfe,  
I thinke if a fat purse come it way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Ther-  
fore leaue the Court and sharke with me, I tell thee, I am chiefe  
commaunder of all the Stewes, ther's not a whoore shifts a smocke,  
but by my priuiledge, nor opens her shop before I haue my weekly  
tribute : And to assure thee my valour carries credite with it, doe but  
walke with mee through the streetes of *London*, and let mee see the  
proudest watch distrube vs.

*King.* I shall be glad of your conduct sir.

*Black.* Follow me then, and I'll tell thee more.

*Wat.* Stand, who goes there?

*Black.* A good fellow : come close, regard them not.

*When you see me, you know me.*

*1 Watch.* How shall we know thee to be a good fellow?

*Blacke Will.* My names *Blacke Will.*

*1 Oh,* God giue yee goodnight, good Maister *Blacke Will.*

*am.*

*2 God boye sir, God boye,*

I am glad we are so well rid on him.

*Will.* Law sir, you see heres egressse enough, (againc,

Now follow me, and you shall see weele haue regresse backe

*1 Watch.* Hoe comes there?

*Cob.* Come afore the Constable.

*Will.* What haue ye forgot me so soone? tis I.

*2 VWatch.* O, tis Maister *Blacke William.*

God bleffe ye sir, God bleffe ye.

*Black.* How likst thou now?

*King.* Faith excellent : but prethe tell me, doest thou face the world with thy man-hood, that thus they feare thee, or art thou truly valiant?

*Blacke Will.* Stoote, doest thou doubt of my man-hood, Nay then defend your selfe, ile giue you a tryall presently, be-take yee to your tooles sir, ile reach ye to stand vpon Inter-gatories.

*King.* I am for ye, ther's neere a man the King keepes shall refuse ye : but tell mee, wilt thou keepe the Kings Acte for fighting.

*Black.* As ye please sir, yet because thart his man, ile ob-serue it, and neither thrust nor strike beneath the knee.

*King.* I am pleas'd, haue at you sir. *The fight.*

*1 VWatch.* Helpen neighbours, O take yee to your browne Billes, call vp the Constable, heres a peece of chance-meddle ready to be committed : set on good-man Sprichall.

*Cob.* Ile ferke them a both sides, lye close neighbour *Dor-mouse*, keepe the kings peace, I charge ye, helpe M. Constable.

*Enter the Constable.*

*Con.* Keepe the peace or strike them downe.

*Black.* Sownes, I am hurt, hold I say.

*2 VWatch.* Let them not passe neighbours, heres blood-shed drawne vpon one of the Kings Officers.

*Con.* Take away their weapons, and since you are so hot,



*When you see me, you know me.*

**He** set you where you shall be coole enough.

**Black Will.** Sownes the Moones a wayning harlot, with the glimse of her light I lost his point, and mistooke my ward, had nere brocht my blood else.

**Con.** Pray sir what are you?

**King.** I am the Kings man sir, and of his guard.

**Con.** More shanie you should so much forget your selfe,  
**For** as I take, tis parcell of your oath,

As well to keepe his peace, as guard his person:

And if a Constable be not present by,

You may as well as he, his place supply:

And seeing yee so neglect your oath and dutie,

Goe bare them to the Counter presently,

There shall yee answeere for these misdemeanors.

**2.** Has broake my head sir, and furthermore it bleeds.

**Con.** Away with them both, they shall pay thee well ere they come forth I warrant thee.

**Will.** I beseech yee sir.

**King.** Never intereat man, wee shall haue baile I doubt it not,  
But Maister Constable, I hope youle do me this fauour, to let one of your watchmen goe of an errand for me, if I pay him?

**Con.** With all my heart sir, heres one shall goe.

**King.** Hold thee good fellow, heres an Angell for thee, goe thy way to *Baynards Castle*, and aske for one *Brandon*, he serues the Duke of *Suffolke*, and tell him his bedfellow, or the great stagge of *Baydon*, this night is clapt eth Counter, and bid him come speake with me. Come Constable lets goe, firrha make hast.

*Exit.*

**Cob.** I warrant you sir, and this be all, jdc haue done it for halfe the money: well, I must enquire for one *Brandon*, and tell him the great stag of *Baydon* is eth Counter, burlady I doubt they be both craftie knaues, and this is some watch-word betweene them: beth masse I doubt hee nere came well by his money, hees so liberall, well jle forward.

*Enter*



*When you see me, you know me.*

*¶ Enter Brandon, and Compton.*

*Bran.* Sir William, are you sure it was at Grace-Church  
His Majestie appointed wee should meete him?  
Wee haue been there and mist him, what thinke ye syr?

*Comp.* Good faith I know not.  
His Highnesse is too venterous bold, my Lord:  
I know he will forsake himselfe in this,  
Opposing still against a world of oddes.

*Bran.* Good faith tis true: but soft here comes one.  
How now good-fellow, whether goest thou?

*Cob.* It lyes in my authoritie sir,  
To aske you that question.  
For I am one of the Kings watch, I can tell ye.

*Comp.* Then perhaps thou canst tell vs some tidings:  
Didst thou not see a good lustie tall bigge set man, passe  
through your watch to night?

*Cob.* Yes sir, there was such a man came to our watch to  
night, but none that past through, for he behaued himselfe so,  
that he was layd hold on quickly, and now he is forth comming  
in the Counter.

*Bran.* And whether art thou going?

*Cob.* Faith sir, has giuen me an Angell, to do an errand for  
him at Baynards Castle, to one Brandon that serues the Duke  
of Suffolke: he sayes he is his Bed-fellow, and I must tell him,  
the great stagge of Baydon, is eth Counter.

*Bran.* If thine errand bee to Brandon, I can saue thee a la-  
bour, for I am the man thou look'st for, we haue beene seeking  
him almost all this night: hold thee theres an Angell for thy  
newes, jle baile him I warrant thee.

*Cob.* I thanke you sir: but hees not so soone bayld, as you  
thinke for, ther's two of the Kings watch has there heads broke,  
and that must be answered for, but alls won to mee, let them  
shuffell as they will, the Angels has flowne about to night, and  
two guls are light into my hands, and these jle keepe, let him  
get out as he can.

*Exit.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Enter the King in Prison.*

*King.* *Hoe, Porter, whose without there?*

*Porter.* *Whats the matter now? will yee not goe to bed to night?*

*King.* *No trust me, twill be morning presently,  
And I haue hope I shall be bailde ere then.*

*I prethe if thou canst, entreate some of the prisoners to keepe  
me companie a paire of houres, or so: and wee le spend them  
ethe route of heathes; and all shall be my cost.  
Say, wilt thou pleasure me?*

*Port.* *If that will pleasure ye sir, ye shall not want for com-  
pany, heres jnow that can tend it, they haue hunger and ease  
enough at all times.*

*King.* *Theres a couple of Gentlemen in the next roome, I  
prethe let them come in, and ther's an Harrie Sovereigne for  
thee.*

*Port.* *I thanke you sir, I am as much beholding to you, as  
to King Harry for it.*

*Exh.*

*King.* *I, I assure thee thou art.  
Well M. Constable, you haue made the Counter:  
This night, the Royall Court of *Englands* King:  
And by my crowne I sweare, I would not for  
A thousand pound I ware otherwise.  
The Officers in Citties; now I see,  
Are like an Orchard set with seuerall Trees,  
Where one must cherish one, rebuke the other:  
And in this wretched Counters I perceiue,  
Money playes fast and loose, purchaces fauour,  
And without that, nought but miserie.  
A poore Gentleman hath made complaint to me,  
I am vndone (quoth hee) and kept in prison,  
For one of your fellowes that serues the King,  
Beeing bound for him, and he neglecting me,  
Hath brought mee to this woe and miserie.  
Another Cittizen there is, complains*

*When you see me, you know me.*

Of one belonging to the *Cardinall*,  
That in his Maisters name hath taken vp  
Commodities, valued at a thousand pound,  
The payment beejng deferd hath caus'd him breake,  
And so is quite vndone. Thus *Kings* and *Lords* I see,  
Are oft abuse'd by seruants treacherie.  
But whilst a while, heere comes my fellow Prisoners.

*Enter the Prisoners.*

*Pris.* Wheres this *Bullie Grig*, this lad of life, that will  
scowre the Counter with right renish to night? Oh Sir you are  
welcome.

*King.* I thanke ye sir, nay weele bee as great as our word, I  
assure yee. Heere Porter, ther's money, fetch wine I prethe.  
Gentlemen you cannot bee merry in this melancholy place,  
but heres a Lad has his heart as light as his Purse. Sirra, thou  
art some mad slaue I thinke, a regular companion: won that  
vses to walke a nights, or so. Art thou not?

*Pri.* Harke then care, thart a good fellow.

*King.* I am right borne I assure thee.

*Pri.* King *Harrie* loues a man, and thou a woman.

Shall I teach thee some wit?

And tell thee why I met thee heere?

I went and set my limbe twigs, and I thinke

I got some hundred pound

By a crooked measure at *Coomes Parkes*:

And now seeing there was watch layds,

And much search for suspicious persons:

I got won as honest as my selfe to arrest me,

By a contrary name, and lay me eth counter,

And heere I know thayle nere seek me,

And so when the heats ore, I am at libertie,

And meane to spend my crownes lustilie:

How likst thou this my *Bullie*?

*King.* An excellent pollicie.

*Pri.* But mum, no words: vse it for your selfe, or so.

*King.* O syr, feare it not, be merry Gentlemen: Is not this

*When you see me, you know me.*

wine come yet? Gods me, forget our chiefe guest, wheres my sword and buckler-man? wheres *Black Will*? how now man, melancholy? let not a little wipe make vs enemies, clap hands, and be friends.

*Will.* My bloods vp still. I and *Will* (hands.

*King.* When tis at highst twill fall againe, come handes,

*Black Will.* He shake hands with thee, because thou carriest a sword and Buckler, yet thart not right Cauerere, thou knowst not how to vse them, thaste a heauie arme.

*King.* I a good smart stroke.

*Will.* Thou cutt my head indeed, but twas no play, thou layest open enough, I could haue entred at my pleasure.

*King.* Nay I haue stout guard I assure yee.

*Will.* Childish to a man of valour, when thou shouldst haue borne thy Buckler heere, thou lost it fall to thy knee, thou gavest mee a wipe, but twas meere chance: but had wee not been parted, I had taught yee a little Schoole play I warrant yee.

*Brandon speaks within.*

*Bran.* What hoe, porter: who keeps the gates there?

*Port.* Who knocks so fast?

*g Enter Brandon and Compton hastily.*

*Comp.* Stand by sirrah.

*Port.* Keepe backe I say, whither will ye presse amongst the prisoners?

*Bran.* Sirrah to the Court, and we must in.

*Port.* Why sir, the Courts not kept eth Counter to day.

*Bran.* Yes when the King is there.

All happinesse betide our Sovereigne.

*Will.* Sownes King Harry.

*i Pri.* Lord I beseech thee no.

*Omnes.* Wee all intreat your grace to pardon vs.

*King.* Stand vp good men: be hrew you *Brandon* for discovering vs, we shall not spend our time so well this moneth: but ther's no remedy now, the worst is this,

The Court good fellowes must be removed the sooner,

Ye all are courtiers yet. Nay, nay, come forward.

Even now you know we were more familiar:

You see pollicies holds not alwaies currant,

*When you see me, you know me.*

I am found out, and so I thinke will you be:  
Goe Porter let him be removed to *Newgate*,  
This place I see is too secure for him:  
Weele send you further word for his bestowing.

1 *Pri.* I beseech your grace.

*King.* Theres no grace in thee, nor none for thee:

Goe, away with him. *Exit Porter and Prisoner.*

*Will.* Sownes I shall to *Tyburne* presently.

*King.* Gentlemen, you that haue beene wrong'd by my ser-  
vants and the *Cardinals*, shall giue me neerer notes of it,

Both what they are, and how much debt they owe yee:

Send your petitions to the Court to me,

And doubt not but you shall haue remedie:

Theres fortie Angels, drinke to King *Harries* health,

And thinke withall, much wrong Kings men may do:

The which their Maisters nere consent vnto.

2 *Pri.* God bleesse your Majestie with happy life,

That thus respects your wofull subiects griete.

*King.* Wheres *Black Will*, nay come neerer man,

I came neerer you though yee mislike my play.

*Will.* Beth Lord, your Maiesties the best sword and buckler,  
man in *Eurape*, yel ye as close to your wards, carrie your point  
as faire, that no Fencer comes neere ye for gallant Fence-play.

*King.* Nay, now ye flatter me.

*Will.* Foregod yee broake my head most gallantly.

*King.* I but twas by chance yee know, but now your heads  
broke, you looke for a plaster I am sure.

*Will.* And your grace will giue me leaue, Ile put it yppe and  
goe my waies presently.

*King.* Nay soft sir, the keeper will deny ye that priuiledge,

Come hither sirrah, because yee shall know King *Harrie* loues

a man, and I perceiue ther's some mettall in thee, theres twen-

tie Angels for thee, marry it shall be to keepe yee in prison still,

till we haue further vse for ye. If ye can breake through wat-

ches with egres and regres so valiantly, yee shall doot amongst

your countries enemies.

*Will.* The wars sweet King, tis my delight, my desire, my  
chaire of state, create me but a tattord Corporall, and giue me

some:

*When you see me, you know me.*

some preheminece over the vulgar hot-shots, and I beat them not forward to as braue attempts, and march my selfe jth Vantguard, as ere carried against a Castle wall, breake my head in two places more, and consume me with the mouth of a double culuering, Ile liue and dye with thee sweet King.

*King.* T will be your best course sir, goe take him in, When wee haue need of men, wee le send for him.

*Will.* God blesse your Majestie, jle goe drinke to your health.

*Exit.*

*King.* Begone sir, keeper I thanke you for our lodging, Nay indeed, I doe, I know had ye known vs, it had bin better, Pray tell the Constable that brought vs hither, Wee thanke him, and commend his faithfull service. Gentlemen lets heare from you, and so God morrow, Keeper, theres for my fees, discharge the offices: And giue them charge that none discover vs, Till we are past the Cittie: in this disguise we came, Wee le keepe vs still, and so depart againe.

Once more God morrow, you may now report, Your counter was one night King *Henries* court. Away and leaue vs, *Brandon* what further newes?

*Ex.*

*Bran.* The old King of *France* is dead my Liege, And left your sister *Marie* a young widdow,

*King.* God forbid man, what not so soone I hope, She has not yet been married fortie daies: Is this newes certaine?

*Bran.* Most true my Lord.

*King.* Alas poore *Mary*, so soone a widdow, Before thy wedding robes be halfe worne out: Wee must then prepare black funerall garments too, Well, wee le haue her home, the league is broake: And wee le not trust her safety with the French.

*Charles Brandon*, you shall goe to *Fraunce* for her,

See that your traine be richly furnished,

And if the daring French braue thee in attempts

Of honour, Barriers, Tilt, and Turnament:

So to retaine her, bare thee like thy selfe,

An *English* man, dreadlesse of the prowdest:

And

*When you see me, you know me.*

And highly scorning lowly hardinellse.

*Bran.* I shall my Sovereigne, and in her honour,  
Ile cast a challenge through all the court:  
And dare the proudest peere in *France* for her.

*King.* Commend me to the Ladie *Katherine Parry*,  
Giue her this Ring, tell her on Sunday next  
She Shall be *Queene*, and crownd at *Westminster*:  
And *Anns* of *Cleau* shall be sent home againe:  
Come sirs, weele leaue the cittie, and the counter now,  
The day begins to breake, lets hie to court,  
And once a quarter wee desire such sport.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Cardinall reading a letter, Bonner in his  
Bishops Robes.*

*Wool.* My reverend Lord of *London*,  
Our trustie friend, the King of *France* is dead,  
And in his death, our hopes are hindred:  
The Emperour too, mislikes his praises,  
But wee shall crosse him fort I doubt it not:  
And tread vppon his pompe imperiall,  
That thus hath wrongd the English Cardinall.

*Bone.* Your graces letters by *Campens* sent,  
I doubt not but shall worke your full content.

*Wool.* I, that must be our safest way to worke,  
Money will make vs men, when men stand out:  
The Bastard *Fredericke* to attaine the place,  
Hath made an offer to the *Cardinalls*,  
Of threescore thousand pound, which we will pay,  
Three times thrice double, ere we loose the day.

*g. Enter Will Summers and Patch.*

*Patch.* Come cousen *William*, Ile bring yee to my Lord  
Cardinall presently.

*Will.* I thanke yee cousen, and when you come to the court,  
Ile bring you to the King againe, yee know cousen, hee gaue  
F yee



*When you see me, you know me.*

ye an angell.

*Patch.* I but he gaue me such a blow oth eare for it, as I care not for comming jns sight againe while I liue.

*Wolfe.* How now *Patch*, who haue you got there? what  
*Will Summers*, welcome good *William*.

*Will.* I thanke your grace; I hard say your Lordshippe had made two new Lords here, and so the two old fooles are come to waite on them.

*Bon.* Wee thanke yee *William*.

*Patch.* Your Lordship will be well guarded, & we follow yee, The Kings foole, and the Cardinals, and wee are no small fooles I assure yee.

*Wil.* No indeed, my cousen *Patch*, here is something too square to be set on your shooe, marrie and youle were him on your shoulder, the foole shall ride yee.

*Wool.* A shrewde foole *Bonner*, come hither *William*, I haue a quarrell to you since our last ryming.

*Willi.* About your faire Lemman at *Charlton* my Lord, I remember.

*Bon.* You speake plaine *William*.

*Will.* Yee neuer knew foole a flatterer I warrant yee.

*Wool.* Well *Wil*, jle trie your ryming wits once more,  
What say you to this?

The bells hang hie, and lowd they crie, what do they speake?

*Will.* If you should die, theres none would crie, though your necke should breake.

*Wool.* You are something bitter *William*: But come on, once more I am for yee. A rod in Scoole, a whip for a foole, is alwaies in season.

*Will.* A halke and a rope, for him that would be Pope,  
Against all right and reason.

*Wool.* Hees too hard for me still, Ile giue him ouer, come tell me *Will*, whats the newes at court?

*Will.* Marry my Lord, they say the King must bee married this morning,

*Wool.* Married *Will*, to whome I prethe?

*Will.* Why to my Ladie *Katherine Parry*, I was once by, when he was wooing on her, and then I doubted they would go  
togethe-

*When you see me, you know me.*

together shortly.

*Wool.* Holy Saint *Peter* sheeld his Maiestie,  
She is the hope of *Luthers* heresie:  
If she be *Queene*, the Protestants will swell,  
And *Crammer*, Tutor to the Prince of *Wales*,  
Will boldly speake gainst *Romes* Religion,  
But Bishops weele to court jmmmediately,  
And plot the downefall of these *Lutherans*:  
You two are Tutors to the Princes *Mary*,  
Still ply her to the *Popes* obedience,  
And make her hate the name of protestant:  
I do suspect that *Latimer* and *Ridly*,  
Chiefe teachers of the faire *Elizabeth*,  
Are not found Catholiques, nor friends to *Rome*,  
If it be so, weele soone remooue them all:  
Tis better they should die, then Thowfands fall.  
Come follow vs. *Mamit*, *VVill*, and *Patch*.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Will.* Your Lords mad, till hee be at the wedding, twas marvell the King stole it so secretly and nere told him ont, but alls one, if he be married, let him play with his *Queene* to night: and then to morrow heele call for me, theres no foole toth wilfull still. What shall we do coufen?

*Patch.* Ile go get the key of the wine-seller, and thou and jle keepe a passage there to night.

*VVill.* Wee haue but a little wit betweene vs already coufen, and so we should haue none at all.

*Pat.* When our wits be gone, weele sleepe eth seller, and lie without our wits for one night.

*VVill.* Content, and then eth morning weele but wet them with an other cup more, and thaille shauelike a rasor all day after. Come close good cuzze, let no bodie goe with vs, least they be drunke before vs, for fooles are jnnocents, and must be accessarie to no mans overthrow.

*Exit.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

Sound Trumpets.

*Enter King, Queene Katherine, Cardinall, Seymer, Dudley, Gray.*

*Enter Compton, crying Hoboyes.*

*King.* Welcome Queene Katherine, seate thee by our side,  
Thy light faire Queene, by vs thus dignified,  
Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen,  
Against yee all, weele be chiefe challenger,  
To fight at Barriours, Tilt, and Turnament,  
In honour of the faire Queene Katherine.

*Quee.* Wee thanke your highnesse, and beseech your grace,  
Forbeare such hazard of your Royall person,  
Without such honors is your handmaid please,  
Obediently to yeeld all loue and dutie,  
That may beseeume your sacred Maiestie.

*King.* God a mercie, but where are our children?  
Prince Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,  
The Royall issue of three famous Queenes,  
How haps we haue not scene them heere to day?

*Dud.* They all my Liege attend your Maiestie,  
And your faire Queene, so within the presence heere.

*King.* Tis well, Dudley call Crammer in,  
Hee is chiefe Tutor to our Princely sonne,  
For precepts that concernes diuinitie.

*¶ Enter Crammer.*

And heere he comes, Crammer, you must ply the Prince,  
Let his wast houres be spent in getting Learning:  
And let those linguists for choyce languages,  
Be carefull for him in their best indeauours,  
Bid Doctor Tye, ply him to Musicke hard,  
Hees apt to Learne, therefore be diligent,  
He may requite your loue when we are gone.

*Cran.* Our care and dutie shall be had my Lord.

*King.* Wee thanke yee.

Itell thee Crammer hee is all our hopes,  
That what our age shall leaue vnfinished,  
In his faire ratene shall be accomplished.

*When you see me, you know me.*

Goe and attend him, how now *Will Summers*, whats the newes with you?

*g Enter Will Summers.*

*Will.* I come to bid thee and thy new *Queene* Godmorrow. Looke to him *Kate* least he cozen thee, provide ciuill *Orenges* enough, or heele haue a Lemman shortly.

*Quee.* Godamercie *Will*, thou tell me then, wilt thou not?

*Will.* I and watch him too, or let him nere trust me: but doeſt heare *Harrie*, becauſe I de haue thee haue the poores prayers, I haue brought thee ſome petitions, the Fryers and Priests pray too, but I thinke tis as children ſay grace, more for faſhion then deuotion, therefore the poores prayers ought to be ſoonest heard, becauſe they beg for Gods ſake, therefore I prethee diſpatch them.

*King.* Read them *Seymer*.

*Seymer.* The humble petition of the Lady *Seaton*, for her diſtreſſed ſonne, that hath in his owne defence, vnſhappily hath ſlaine a man.

*King.* The Lady *Seaton*, Gods holy Mother, Her ſonne has had our pardon twiſe already, For two ſtout Subiects that his hand hath ſlaine.

*William.* And any had ſaid ſo but thou *Harrie*, jde haue told him a lide, hee nere kild but one, thou kildſt the tother: for and thou hadſt hang'd him for the firſt, the two laſt had been aliue ſtill.

*King.* The foole tels true, they wrong our Maieſtie That ſeeke our pardon for ſuch crueltie: Away with it.

*Will.* Giue me it againe, it ſhall nere be ſcene more I aſſure ye: and I had known tad come for that purpoſe, it ſhould nere haue been brought for *Will* I warrant yee.

*Seymer.* This other comes from two poore priſoners eth counter.

*King.* Wee know the inſide then, come giue them me, Lord Cardinall, heeres one is dedicated to you.

Hold, read it: whoſe there? *Cumpton* enquire for *Rookſby* a Groome of the wardrope, and bring him hither.

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Comp.* I will.

*King.* Cardinall, what find ye written there?

*Woolsey.* Mine owne discredit, and the vndoing of an honest citizen, by a false servant.

*VWill.* Tis not your foole my Lord I warrant ye,

*VWool.* No Will?

*VWill.* I thought so, I knew twas one of your knaues, for your fooles are harmelesse.

*Quee.* Welsed *VWill*, thou louest thy maisters credit I know.

*VWill.* I *Kate*, as well as any Courtier he keeps:  
I had rather hee should haue the poores praiers, then the Popes.

*Quee.* Faith I am of thy mind *VWill*, I thinke so too.

*King.* Take heed what yee say *Kate*, what a Lutheran?

*VWool.* Tis heresie faire *Queene*, to thinke such thoughts.

*Queen.* And much vncharitie to wrong the poore?

*VWill.* Well, and when the Pope is at best, he is but Saint *Peters* deputie, but the poore, present Christ, and therefore should be something better regarded.

*King.* Goe too foole.

*VWool.* Sirrha, youle be whipt for this.

*VWill.* Would the King wood whip thee and all the Popes whelpes out of *England* once, for betweene yee, yee haue rackt and puld it so, we shall be all poore shortly, you haue had foure hundred threescore pound within this three yeare for smoake-pence, you haue smoakte it yfaith: dost heare *Harry*, next time they gather them, let them take the chimnies, and leaue the coyne behind them, wee haue claie enough to make bricke, though we want silver mines to make money.

*King.* Well *VWilliam* your tongue is priuiledgde.

*VWool.* But my good Liege, I feare theres shroder heads Although kept close, has set this foole a worke, Thus to exstirpe against his holinesse.

*Will.* Doe not you thinke so my Lord, nor stomacke no bodie about it: yee know what the old Prouerbe saies, therefore be patient, great quarrellers small credit winnes:  
When fooles set stooles, and wise men breake their shinnes:  
therefore thinke not on it, for jle sit downe by thee *Kate* and say

*When you see me, you know me.*

say nothing, for here comes one to be examined.

*Enter Compton and Rookesby.*

*King.* O sir, you're welcome, is your name *Rookesbie*?

*Rookes.* Your poore servant is so calde my Lord.

*King.* Our servant we geſſe ye by the cloath ye weare, but for your poverie tis doubtfull, your credit is ſo good. Lets ſee whats the mans name, ha! *Hopkins*, doe you know the man?

*Rookes.* *Hopkins*? No my Lord.

*King.* Had you neuer no dealings with ſuch a man?

*Rookes.* No, if it like your Maieſtie.

*King.* No, if it like our Maieſtie, ſaucie varlet:

It likes not our Maieſtie thou ſhould ſay no:

It likes vs not, thou lieſt for that we know.

You know him not, but he to well knowes you,

And lies jmprisoned ſlaue, for whats thy due.

*Rookes.* Sure ſome envious man hath miſinformd.

*King.* Darſt thou denie it ſtill, out-facing knaue,  
Mother a God, jle hang thee preſently.

Sirra ye lie: and though ye weare the Kings cloath,

Yet we dare tell ye ſo before the King:

Slaue thou doeſt know him.

Hee here complains he is vndone by thee,

And the kings man hath cauſde his miſerie.

Yet youle out-face it ſtill, denie, forſweare, and lie ſir, ha?

*Will.* Not a word more, if thou loueſt thy life, vnleſſe thou'ſt  
confeſſe all, and ſpeake faire.

*Rookes.* I do beſeech your grace.

*King.* Out perjurde knaue, what doeſt thou ſerue the king  
And darſt thou thus abuſe our Maieſtie:

And wrong my Subiects by thy trecherie?

Thinkſt thou falſe theefe, thou ſhalt be priuiledged

Be cauſe thart my man, to hurt my people:

Villaine, thoſe that guard me, ſhall regard my honour:

Put off that coate of prooſe, that ſtrong ſecuritie:

Vnder which ye march like a halbertere,

Paſſing through purgatorie, and none dare ſtrike:

*When you see me, you know me.*

A Seriaunts mace must not presume to touch  
Your sacred shoulders with the Kings owne writ,  
Gods deere Lady, does the cloth yeweare,  
Such priuiledge and strong prevention beare.  
Ha, ist *Rookesbie*?

*Rookes.* My Royall Lord,

*¶ Enter a Messenger in hast.*

*King.* Take that, and know your time to tell your  
Mellage: Sirra, I am busie.

*Vill.* So, ther's one seru'd : I thinke you would take two  
more with all your heart, so you were well rid on him.

*Rook.* Your pardon good my Liege.

*King.* Ha, pardon thee : I tell thee did it touch thy life in  
ought, more then mine owne displeasure, not the world should  
purchase it, vilde Caitiffe: hadst thou neglected this thy duty  
to our persons danger : Hadst thou thy selfe against me ought  
attempted, I might be sooner wonne to pardon thee, then for  
a Subjects hatefull iniurie.

*Queene.* Let me intreat your Grace to pardon him.

*King.* Away *Kate*, speake not for him,  
Out of my lenitie I let him liue,  
Discharge him from my cloath and countenance,  
To the Counter to redeeme his creditor,  
Where he shall satisfie the vtmost mite  
Of any debt, default or hinderance :  
Hee keepe no man to blurre my credite so,  
My cloath shall not pay what my servants owe.  
Away with him.

*Exit.*

Now my Lord *Cardinall*, speakes not your paper so?

*Car.* Yes my good Lord, your grace hath showne a patterne,  
to draw forth mine by, I assure your Highnesse,  
The punishment inflicted on your man,  
Is meant for my servants that beares such minds,  
Their Maisters thus but serue them in their kinds.

*King.* Wheres this fellow now that brings this newes?

*William.* Hee is gone with a flea in his care : But has left his  
Mellage



*When you see me, you know me.*

Message behind with my Lord *Dudley* here.

*King.* And whats the newes?

*Dud.* Duke *Brandon* my Liege.

*King.* Oh, hees returnde from *France*.

And who comes with him?

*Dud.* His Royall wife, my Lord.

*King.* Ha | royall wife: whose that?

*Dud.* Your highnesse sister, the late *Q. of France*.

*King.* Our sister *Queene* his wife: who gaue him her?

*Gray.* Tis sed they were married at *Douer*, my Liege.

*King.* T were better he had nere seen the *Towne*.

Dares any Subiect mixe his blood with ours, without our leaue?

*Enter Brandon and Mary.*

*Dud.* He comes himselfe my Liege, to answer it.

*Bran.* Health to my Sovereigne.

*King.* And our brother king, your message is before ye sir:

Off with his head.

*Bran.* I beseech your grace giue me leaue.

*King.* Nay, you haue taken leaue, away with him, bid the Captaine of our guard, conuay him to the Tower.

*Bran.* Heere me my Lord.

*King.* Audacious *Brandon*, thinkst thou excuse shall serue.

*Lady Mary.* Righe gracious Lord.

*King.* Go too, your praers will scarce saue your selfe,

Durst ye contract your selfe without our knowledge?

Hence with that hare-braine Duke to the Tower I say,

And beare our carelesse sister to the Fleete:

I know sir, you broke a Lance for her,

And brauely did vnhorse the Challengers:

Yet was there no such prize set on her head,

That you without our leaue should marry her.

*Queene.* Oh my Lord, let me intreat for them.

*King.* Tut Kate, though thus I seeme

A while to threaten them,

I meane not to disgrace my sister for

*When you see me, you know me.* 11

Away with them. What say ye Lords,  
Is he not worthy of death for his misdeed?

*Bon. & Gar.* Vnlesse your Grace shall please to pardon him.

*King.* He deserues it then?

*Bon. & Gar.* He does my Liege.

*King.* You are knaues and fooles, and ye flatter me:

Gods holy Mother, Ile not haue him hurt, for all your heads:

Deare *Brandon*, I embrace thee in mine armes:

Kind sister I loue you both so well,

I cannot dart an other angrie frowne:

To gaine a Kingdome: here take him *Mary*,

I hold thee happier in this English choyce,

Then to be Q. of *France*: *Charles*, loue her well,

And tell on *Brandon*, whats the newes in *France*,

*Bran.* The league is broke betwixt the Emperor

And the young King of *France*: Forces are mustring

On either part my Lord, for horse and foote.

Hot variance is expected speedily,

The Emperor is marching now to *Landersey*,

There to inuade the townes of *Burgondie*.

*King.* God and *S. George*, weele meet his Majestie.

And strike a league of Christian amitie.

Lord Cardinall, you shall to *France* with speed,

And in our name salute the Emperour,

Weele giue direction for your Embassage.

The next faire wind, shall make vs *France* to greet,

Where *Charles* the Emperour, and King shall meet.

*Exit Omnes.*

*Enter Cranmer, Doctor Tye, and young Browne.*

*meets them with the Princes cloake*

*and hat.*

*Cran.* How now young *Browne*, what haue you there?

*Brown.* The Princes cloake and hat, my Lord.

*Cran.* Where is his Grace?

*Brown.* At Tennis, with the *Marquesse Dorset*.

*Cran.* You and the *Marquesse*, draw the Princes mind

To

*When you see me, you know me.*

To follow pleasure, and neglect his booke,  
For which the King blames vs. But credite me,  
You shall be soundly paid immediately.

*Bro.* I pray ye good my Lord, ile goe call the Prince away.

*Cran.* Nay, Now ye shall not, whose within there ho?

*Servant.* My Lord.

*Brow.* Goe beare this yongster to the Chappel streit,  
And bid the Maister of the Children whippe him well:  
The Prince will not learne<sup>e</sup> sir, and you shall smart for it.

*Bro.* O good my L. ile make him ply his booke to morrow.

*Cran.* That shall not serue your turne, away I say, *Exit.*

So sir, this pollicie was well deuise: Since he was whipt thus  
for the Princes faults,

His grace hath got more knowledge in a moneth,  
Than he attaind in a yeere before,

For still the fearefull boy to saue his breech,

Doth hourly haunt him where so ere he goes.

*Tye.* Tis true my Lord, and now the Prince perceiues it,  
As loath to see him punisht for his faults,

Plies it of purpose to redeeme the boy,

But pray my Lord, lets stand aside a while,

And note the greeting twixt the Prince and him,

*Cran.* See where the boy comes & the Kings foole with him,  
Lets not be seene, but list their conference.

*VVill.* Nay boy, and yee crie youle spoyle your eye-sight,  
come, come trusse vppe your hose, you must hold fast your  
wind, both before and behind, and blow your nose.

*Browne.* For what foole?

*VVill.* Why for the more in thine eye, is there not won in't,  
wherefore dost thou crie else?

*Br.* I prethe *VVill* go call the Prince from the Tenniscourt.

*VVill.* Dost thou crie for that? nay then I smell a Ratte, the  
Prince has plaid the trewant to day, and his Tutors has drawne  
blood of thy buttocks fort: why boy tis honourable to bee  
whipt for a Prince.

*Browne.* I would he would either leaue the Tenniscourt and  
plie his booke, or giue me leaue to be no Courtier.

*VVill.* I, for ile be sworn thy breech lies ith haffard's

*When you see me, you know me.*  
bout it, but looke little Ned, yonder he comes.

*Enter the Prince, and the young Marquesse with  
their Rackets, diuers attending.*

*Marq.* Some Rubbers for the Prince.

*Servant.* Heere my good Lord.

*Prince.* One take our Rackets, and reach me my Cloake,  
By my faith Marques, you are too hard for me.

*Mar.* Your grace will say so, though ye over-match me.

*Prim.* Why how now *Bronne*, whats the matter?

*Bro.* Your Grace loyters, and will not plie your booke, and  
your Tutors has whipt me for it.

*Prim.* Alas poore Ned, I am sorrie for it, j'le take the more  
paines, and jntreat my Tutors for thee: yet in troth, the lectors  
they read me last night out of *Virgill* and *Ovid*, I am perfect in:  
onelie I confesse I am something behind in my Greek Au-  
thors.

*Will.* And for that speech, they haue declinde it vppon his  
brecch.

*Prim.* And for my Logicke, thou shalt witnesse thy selfe I am  
perfect: for now will I prooue, that though thou wert whipt  
for me, yet this whipping was good for thee.

*Mar.* Ile hardly beleeeue you my Lord, though Ramus him-  
selfe should prooue it: well, *Probo.*

*Prince.* Marke my Probleme.

*Bona virga facit bonum puerum:*

*Bonum est, te esse bonum puerum:*

*Ergo bona virga, res bona est:* And that's this, Ned.

A good rodde makes a good boy: tis good that thou  
shouldst be a good boy: (*ergo*) therefore a good rod is  
good.

*Will.* Nay berladie, the better the rodde is, it's the worfe for  
him, that's certaine: but do'st heare me, boy; since hee can  
prooue a rodde to bee so good, let him tak'e himselfe the next  
time.

*Prim.* In truth, I pittie thee, and jnwardly I feelee the stripes  
thou barest, and for thy sake, Ned, jle plie my booke the faster;

*When you see me, you know me.*

in the meane time, thou shalt not say, but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy seruice : come *Browne*, kneele downe.

*Will.* What, wilt thou Knight him, Ned?

*Pri.* I will; my father has knighted many a one that neuer sheedde droppe of blood for him; but hee has often for mee.

*Will.* O braue ! he lookes like the myrrour of Knighthood alreadie.

*Enter Compt.* Cleere the presence, Gentlemen, the King is comming.

*Prince.* The King? gods me, reach me my booke : call my Tutors in : come *Browne*, ile confirme thy Knight-hood afore the King.

*Enter the King.*

*Mar.* Here be your Tutors, my Lord, and yonder the king comes.

*Pri.* Health to your Maiestie.

*King.* Good mercie Ned ; I, at your booke so hard, t'is well, t'is well ; now Bishop *Crammer*, and good doctor *Tye*, I was going to the gallorie, and to haue had your Scholler with me, but seeing you'r so busie, ile not trouble him, come on *Will*, come, goe you along with mee, what make you among the Scollers heere?

*Will.* I come to learne my qui que quod to keepe mee from the rod; marre here's one was whipt in pudding time for he ha's gotten a Knight-hood about it : looke old *Harrie*, doe's he not looke more furious then he was wont.

*King.* Who *Will*, young *Browne*, Gods Mary Mother his father is a gallant Knight, as any the best south parts of England holds.

*Will.* He cannot compare with his son tho, if he were right; *Don'al delphibus*, or the verie Knight of the sonne himselfe, yet this Knight shall vnhorse him.

*King.* When was he made a Knight?

*Will.* Marrie ith last action, I can assure you, there was hot ser-

*When you see me, you know me.*

vice, and some on vñ came so neere him, they had like to  
smell on's; but when all was done, the poore gentleman was pit-  
tifullie wounded in the backe partes, as may appeare by the  
scarre, if his Knightship would but vñtrusse there.

*King.* But who knighted him, *O'William?*

*Vñ.* That did Ned heere: and he has earnd it too, for I am  
sure, this two yeere he has been lasht, for his learning.

*King.* Ha, now, come hither Ned, is this true?

*Pr.* It is, my Lord, and I hope your highnesse will confirme  
my deed.

*King.* Confirme it, Gods holy Mother, what shrode boies  
are these? *Crammer* and *Tye*, doe yee obserue the Prince,  
nowe by my Crowne young Ned thou hast honord me.

I like thy Kingly spirit that loues to see

Thy friends aduanc't to tipes of dignitie.

Young Knight come hither, what the Prince hath done

We here confirme, be still Sir *Edward Browne*.

But heare ye Ned, now you haue made him Knight,  
You must giue him some living, or else tis nothing.

*O'vil.* I by my troth, he is now but a Knight vnder *Forma*  
*papris*, for a Knight without liuing, is no better than an ordina-  
rie Gallant.

*King.* Well, what will ye giue him Ned?

*Prince.* When I haue heard of something that may doe  
him good, I will iñtreate your Majestie for him, and ith  
meane time from mine owne allowance Ile maintaine  
him.

*King.* Tis well said: but for your sake sonne *Edward*, wele pro-  
vide for him; *Crammer*, see presentlie a Patene drawne, where-  
in wee will confirme to him from our Exchequer a Thousand  
Markes a yeere.

*Bro.* I thanke your Maiestie:  
And as I am true Knight, Ile fight and die for ye.

*Vñ.* Now if your Tutors come to whipe ye, you may chuse  
whetheryoule vñtrusse byth order of armes.

*King.* Well Ned, see yee plie your learning, and lets haue  
no More Knights made in this Action, looke to him *Browne*,

if

*When you see me, you know me.*

if hee loyter, his Tutors will haue you vp for't, to I you haue  
*Browne.* I hope my Lord, they dare not whip me now.

*King.* Berladie Sir, thats doubtfull.

*Will.* If they doe, hee shall make thee a Lord, and then they  
dare not.

*King.* Well. *Cranmer* wee leaue ye, when your pupyll has  
done his taske ye let him now, let him come and visiteys : on  
Gentlemen into the Gallerie.

*Pr.* Heaven keepe your Maiestie.  
Gentlemen draw neere.

*Exit.*

*Tye.* God morrow to your Grace.

*Pr.* God morrow Tutors at noone, tis God even, is  
it not?

*Cran.* Wee saw not your grace to day.

*Pr.* Oye quippe me cunningly for my Trewantship, that I  
was not at my booke to day, but I haue thought of that yee  
read last night, I assure ye.

*Cran.* Wee doubt it not faire Prince : Lords, Gentlemen  
giue leaue.

*Will.* All voide the roome, theres but Schollers and  
Fooles.

*Cran.* I hope your excellence can answer me in that axiom  
of Philosophie, I propounded to yee.

*Prince.* I promise ye Tutor, tis a Probleme to me, for the  
difference of your Authors opinions, makes me differ in mine  
owne : some say, *Omne animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, that eue-  
rie living creature is, or man, or beast.

*Will.* Then a womans a beast, for shees no man.

*Pr.* Peace *William* youle be expulst else : And againe some  
Authors affirme, that euerie beast is foure-footed.

*Will.* Then a Fooles no beast, for he has but two.

*Prin.* Yet againe *Will.*

*Will.* Mum Ned, no words, Ile be as full as a small bagpipe.

*Cran.* *Omne Animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, And thus tis  
proued.



|| When you see me, you know me.

prooued my Lord, *Omne Animal, est rationale, vel irrationale; homo est rationalis, Bestia irrationalis.*

*Ergo quia Animal homo est, vel Bestia.*

Mongst all the creatures in this Vniuerse,  
Or on the earth, or flying in the ayre,  
Man onely reason hath, others onelie sence,  
So what is onelie sensuall, is not man, but beast:  
For man both sence and reason hath:

So euerie creature, having one of these, is sure, or man or  
beast: and though all beasts are not foure-footed.

*Will.* Thats certaine, a louse has sixe.

*Cran.* I beseech your grace.

*Pr.* Away *William.*

*Will.* Not a word more as I am *William.*

*Cran.* For many beasts haue wings seruing in stead of feet,  
and some haue hornes, of which we thus esteeme, *Animal cornutum non habet dentes supremas,* No horned beast hath teeth a-  
boue the roofo.

*Will.* Thats a lye, a Cuckold has.

*Pr.* Thrust the foole out of the presence there.

*Will.* Well, *Cedant arma togæ.* The schoolers shall haue the  
fooles place. *Exit Will.*

*Pr.* Well *Crammer*, you haue made me able to prooue a man  
no beast, if hee prooue not himselfe so, weele now leaue this:  
And now resolue me for Diuinitie, *Crammer* I loue yee, and I  
loue your Learning, speake and weele heare yee:  
God giue ye truth that you may giue it me,  
This Land ye know stands wavering in her Faith,  
Betwixt the Papists and the Protestants,  
You know we all must die, and this flesh  
Part, with her part of immortalitie,  
Tutor, I do beleue both Heaven and Hell:  
Doe you know any third place for the soules abode  
Call'd Purgatorie, as some would haue me thinke,  
For from my Sister *Marie* and her Tutors,  
I haue oft receiued letters to that purpose:  
Doe ye *Crammer*, and shall beleue what ere ye speake,  
Therefore I charge ye tell the truth.

*Cran.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Cran.* How thinks you grace, is there a place of Purgatorie  
or no?

*Pr.* Truly I thinke none, yet must I vrge to you whats laid  
To me, this world you know hath been Fīue Thousand yeeeres  
Still encreasing, still decreasing, still replenish't,  
How long it will be, none knowes but hee that made it,  
Wee all do call our selues gods children, yet sure some are not,  
But thinke ye Tutor that the compasse of that heaven and hell  
Is able to containe those soules so numberlesse,  
That ever breathed since the first breath was given,  
Without a *Tertium*, or a thrid place.

*Cran.* Who puts these doubts within your Graces head  
Are like their owne beleefe, site, and vnregarded,  
And is as easilie answered and confuted:

*Quod est infinitum, non habet finem,  
Calum est opus Dei, opus Dei est infinitum:  
Ergo Calum, est infinitum.*

That which is infinite hath no end at all,  
For that eternitie, that everlasting essence,  
That did concord heaven, earth, and hell to be,  
Is of himselfe all infinite, that heaven and hell are so,  
His power, his workes, and words do witness it,  
For what is infinite, hath in it selfe no end,  
Then must the heavens which is his glorious seat,  
Be incomprehensible containing him,  
Then what should need a third place to containe  
A world of infinites so vast and maine.

*Prince.* I thankeye *Cranmer*, and doe beleue ye.  
What other proofes haue been maintain'd to me  
Or shalbe, you shall know and ayd me in them:  
Ynough for this time, who's there? Doctor *Tye*  
Our Musicks Lecturer? pray draw neere: Indeed I take much  
delight in ye.

*Tye.* In Musick may your Grace ever delight,  
Though not in me, Musicke is fit for Kings,  
And not for those knowes not the chime of strings.

*Pri.* Truly I loue it yet there are a sort  
Seeming more pure than wise, that will vpbraid at it,

*When you see me, you know me.*

Calling is idle, vaine, and frivolous.

*Tye.* Your Grace hath said, indeed they do vpbraid  
That tearme it so, and those that doe are such  
As in themselves no happy concords hold,  
All Musicke jars with them, but sounds of good,  
But would your grace awhile be patient,  
In Musicks praise, thus will I better it.  
Musicke is heavenly; for in Heaven is Musicke,  
For there the Seraphins doe sing continually,  
And when the best was borne, that ever was man,  
A Quire of Angels sang for joy of it,  
What of Celestiall was reueald to man,  
Was much of Musicke, tis sayd the beasts did worship;  
And sang before the Deitiesupernall,  
The kingly Prophet sang before the Arke,  
And with his Musicke charmd the heart of *Saule*,  
And if the Poet sayle vs not my Lord;  
The dulcet tongue of Musicke made the stones  
To moue, irrationall beast, and birds to daunce,  
And last, the Trumpets Musicke shall awake the dead;  
And cloath their naked bones in cotes of flesh,  
T'appeare in that high house of Parliament.  
When those that gnash their Teeth at Musicke sound,  
Shall make that place where Musicke nere was found.

*Pr.* Thou giuest it perfect life, skillfull Doctor  
Ithanke thee for the honour'd praise thou giuest it,  
I pray thee lets heare it too. (tun'd instruments.)

*Tye.* Tis ready for your Grace, giue breath to your loud  
*Loud Musicke.*

*Pr.* Tis well, methinks in this sound I prooue a compleat  
age,  
As Musicke, So is man govern'd by stops,  
Aw'd by diuiding notes, sometimes aloft,  
Sometime below, and when he hath attain'd,  
His high and lostie pitch, breathed his sharpest and most  
Shrillest ayre, yet at length tis gone,  
And fells downe flat to his conclusion, (Soft Musicke.)  
Another sweetnesse, and harmonious sound,

*When you see me, you know me.*

A milder straine, another kind agreement,  
Yet mong'st these many strings, be one vntun'd  
Or jarreth low, or higher than his course,  
Not keeping steddie meane among'st the rest,  
Corrupts them all, so doth bad men the best.

*Tye.* Inough, Let voyces now delight his princely eare.

*A Song.*

*Pr.* Doctor, I thanke you and commend your cunning,  
I oft haue heard my Father merrily speake,  
In your high praise, and thus his Highnesse saith,  
England, one God, one truth, one Doctor hath  
For Musicks Art, and that is Doctor *Tye*,  
Admir'd for skill in Musickes harmonie.

*Tye.* Your Grace doth honor me with kind acceptance,  
Yet one thing more, I doe beseech your Excellence  
To daine, to Patronize this homely worke,  
Which I vnto your grace haue dedicate.

*Pr.* What is the Title?

*Tye.* The Acts of the holy Apostles turn'd into verse,  
Which I haue set in severall parts to sing,  
Worthy Acts, and worthily in you remembred.

*P.* Ile peruse them, and satisfie your paines,  
And haue them sung within my fathers Chappell:  
I thanke ye both. Now Ile craue leaue awhile  
To be a little idle: pray let our lingguistes,  
French and Italians, to morrow morne be ready,  
I must conferre with them, or I shall leese  
My little practise, so God-den good Tutors.

*Exit.*

*Cran.* Health to your Highnesse, God increase your daies:  
The hope of England, and of learnings praise.

*Enter Bonner and Gardiner reading.*

*Bon.* What haue ye heere my Lord of Winchester?

*Gard.* Hereticall and damned heresies,  
Precepts that *Crammers* wisedome taught the Prince,  
The Pope and wee are held as heretickes,  
What thinkst thou *Bonner* of this wavering age?

*Bon.* As Sea-men do of stormes, yet hope for faire weather,  
Berlady *Gardiner* we must looke about,

*When you see me, you know me.*

The Protestants begin to gather head,  
*Luther* hath sowne well, and *Englands* grownd  
Is fatte and fertile to jncrease his seed,  
Heres loffie plants, what, *Bishops* and *prelats*,  
I nobility, temporall, but we shall temper all  
At the returne of our high *Cardinall*.

*Gard.* *Bonner* tis true, but in meane time we must  
Prevent this rancke that now swels so big,  
That it must out, or breake, they haue a dangerous head.  
And much I feare.

*Bon.* What not the King I hope?

*Gard.* Tis doubtfull hee will bend, but sure  
*Queene Katherine* a strong *Lutheran*, hard ye not  
How in presence of the King and *Cardinall*,  
She did extirpe against his holinesse.

*Bon.* But had our English *Cardinall* once attaind,  
The high possession of *Saint Peters* Chaire,  
Heed barre some tongues that now haue scope too much,  
Tis hee must doo't *Gardiner*, t'is a perilous thing,  
*Queene Katherine* can do much with *Englands* King.

*Gard.* I *Bonner*, thats the summe of all,  
There must be no *Queene*, or the *Abbies* fall.

*Bon.* See where she comes with the Kings Sister,  
And from the Princes lodging, lets salute her.

*Gard.* God morrow to your Maiestie.

*Queene.* God morrow to my reverent Lords of London and  
of *Winchester*, saw ye the King to day?

*Bon.* His Highnesse was not yet abroad this Morning,  
But heere wee will attend his excellence.

*Quee.* Come sister weele go see his Maiestie.

*La. Ma.* We will attend yee Maddam.

*Queen.* Gentlemen set forward, God morrow Lords.

*Gard.* Ill morrow must be to you or vs,  
Conspirators gainst men religious,  
*Bonner*, these *Lutherans* do conspire I see,  
And scoffe the Pope and his supremacie.

*Bon.* Lets strike in time then, and jncense the King,  
And sodainely their states to ruine bring:

*When you see me, you know me.*

The Trumpets sounds, it seemes the Queene is comming,  
Weele watch and take advantage cunningly.

*Enter the King, Queene, Lady Mary, Brandon, Seymer,  
Gray, and Dudley.*

*King.* Wheres *Brandon*?

*Bran.* My Liedge.

*King.* Come hether *Kate*.

*Bran.* Did your Grace call?

*King.* Ile speake we anon, Ile speake we anon : Come *Kate*  
lets walke a little, whosethere ? my Lords of London and of  
Winchester, welcome, welcome : by this your Maister the  
*Cardinall* I troe, has parted with the Emperour, and set a league  
betweene the *French* and him ; Mother of God,  
I would our selfe in person had beene there,  
But *Wolseys* diligence we need not feare,  
Ha, thinke yee he will not.

*Gard.* No doubt he will my Lord.

*King.* I *Gardner* twill be his best pollicie,  
Their friendship must advance his dignitie.  
If ere he get the Papall governance.

*Dud.* And that will never be I hope.

*Seymer.* Twere pittie it should.

*Gray.* Hee's proud enough already.

*King.* Haw, whats that yee talke there.

*Bran.* They say my Lord hee's gone with such a traine,  
As if he should be elected presently.

*King.* Fore-god tis a gallant Priest, come hether *Charles*, pri-  
thee let me leane a thy shoulder, by Saint *George*, *Kate* I grow  
stiffe me thinks.

*Quee.* Wilt please your highnesse sit and rest your selfe ?

*King.* No, no *Kate*, Ile walke still, *Brandon* shall stay mine  
arme, jme fat and pursie, and twill get me a stomach : Sawst the  
Prince to day *Kate* ?

*Quee.* I my good Lord.

*King.* God blesse him, and make him fortunate, I tell yee  
Lords, the hope that *England* hath, is now in him, fore-god I  
thinke old *Harry* must leaue yee shortly ; well, Gods will bee

*When you see me, you know me.*

done, heere be old shuffling then, ha will there not; well, you say nothing, pray. God there be not, I like not this difference in religion I, Gods deere Lady, and I liue but seven yeeres longer, wee take order throughly.

*Bon.* We heare that *Luther* out of Germanie Hath writ a booke vnto your Maiestie,  
Wherein he much repents his former deeds,  
Craving your Highnesse pardon, and withall,  
Submits himselfe vnto your Graces pleasure.

*King.* *Bonner* tis true, and we haue answered it,  
Blaming at first his haughtie insolence,  
And now his lightnesse and inconstancie,  
That writ he knew not what so childishly.

*Gar.* Much bloodshed there is now in Germanie,  
About this difference in religion,  
With Lutherans, Arians, and Anabaptists,  
As halfe the Province of *Heluetia*,  
Is with their tumults almost quite destroyde.

*Quee.* Me thinks twere well my Royall Soueraigne,  
Your Grace, the Emperour, and the Christian Kings,  
Would call a Counsaile and peruse the bookes,  
That *Luther* writ against the Catholiques,  
And superstitions against the Church of *Roome*,  
And if they teach a truer way to heaven,  
Agreeing with the Hebrew Testament,  
Why should they not be read and followed?

*King.* Thou saist well *Kate*, so they agree with the scriptures,  
I thinketis lawfull to peruse and read them, speake Bishops?

*Gar.* Most vnlawfull my deere Soueraigne,  
Vnlesse permitted by his Holinesse.

*Qu.* How prooue ye that my Lord?

*King.* Well sed *Kate*, to them againe good wench, Lordes  
giue vs leaue a while, avoide the presence there, we'll heare the  
Bishops and my Queene dispute.

*Quee.* I am a weake Scholler my Lord,  
But on condition that your highnesse, nor these reverent Lords,  
Will take no acceptions at my womans wit,  
I am content to hold them Argument:

And



*When you see me, you know me.*

And first with reuerence to his Maiestie:  
Pray tell me, Why would you make the King beleue,  
His Highnesse and the people vnder him,  
Are tideso strictly to obay the Pope?

*Bon.* Because faire Queene he is Gods Deputie..

*Quee.* So are all Kings; and God himselſe commande  
The King to rule, and people to obay,  
And both to loue and honour him:

But you that are sworne seruants vnto *Rome*,

How are ye faithfull Subiects to the King,

When first ye serue the Pope, then after him?

*Gar.* Madame these are that sectes of Lutherans,  
That makes your highnesse so mistake the Scriptures,  
Your slender Arguments thus answered:  
Before the King, God must be worshipped.

*Quee.* Tis true, but pray ye anſwere this:  
Suppose, the King by Proclamation,  
Commaunded you, and every of his Subiects,  
On paine of death, and forfeit of his goods,  
To spurne against the Popes authoritie:  
Ye know the Scripture binds ye to obay him,  
But this I thinke, if that his Grace did so,  
Your slight obedience all the world should know.

*King.* Gods-mother *Kate.* thoust toucht them there,  
What say yee to that *Bonner*?

*Bon.* Were it to any but her Maiestie;  
These questions were confuted easily.

*Quee.* Pray tell the King then, what Scripture haue yee,  
To teach religion in an vnknown language?  
Instruct the ignorant to kneele to Saints,  
By Bare-foote pilgrimage to visite shrines,  
For money to release from Purgatorie,  
The vilest villaine, theefe; or murderer;  
All this the people must beleue you can,  
Such is the dregs of *Romes* religion.

*Gard.* I, those are the speeches of those Hereticks,  
*Cranmer*, *Ridley*, and blunt *Latimer*,  
That dayly raile against his holinesse,

*When you see me, you know me.*

Filling the Land with hatefull heresies.

*Quee.* Nay be not angry nor mistake them Lords,  
What they haue said or done, was mildly followed,  
As by their Articles are eident.

*King.* Where are those Articles *Kate*?

*Quee.* He go and fetch them to your Maiestie,  
And pray your highnesse view them gratiofly.

*Exit. Queene.*

*King.* Go fetch them *Kate*: a sirra, we haue women doctors,  
Now I see, Mother a God, here's a fine world the whileste,  
That twixt so many mens opinions,  
The holy Scriptures must be banded thus.

*Gard.* God graunt it breed no farther detriment,  
Vnto your Crowne and sacred dignitie:  
They that would alter thus religion,  
I feare they scarcely loue your Royall person.

*King.* Ha! take heed what you say *Gardner*.

*Gard.* My loue and duty to your Maiestie,  
Bids me be bold to speake my conscience,  
Vnlesse your safetie and your life they hate,  
Why should they dayly thus disturbe the state.  
To smooth the face of false rebellion,  
Proud traytors will pretend religion,  
For vnder colour of reformation  
The vpstart followers of *Wickliffes* doctrine,  
In the fift *Henries* dayes arise in armes:  
And had not dilligent care prevented them,  
Their powers had sodainely surpris'd the King,  
And good my Liege who knowes their proud intent,  
That thus rebell against your gouernment.

*King.* Shrode proofes berlady and by Saint *Peter*,  
I sweare we will not trust their gentlenesse,  
Speake *Gardner* and resolute vs speedily,  
Whose the ring-leader of this lustie crew?

*Bon.* Vnlesse your highnesse please to pardon vs,  
We dare not speake nor vrge your Maiestie.

*King.* Wee pardon what yee speake, resolute vs speedily.

*Gard.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Gard.* Then if your Royall person will be safe,  
Your life preferud and this faire Realme in peace,  
And all these troubles smoothly pacified,  
The Queene deere Lord must be remooued from you.

*King.* Haw, the Queene, bold Sir advise ye well,  
Take heed ye do not wrong her loyalty.

*Gard.* See heere my Liege are proofes too manifest,  
Her highnesse with a sect of *Lutherans*,  
Haue priuate meetings, secret conventicles,  
To wrest the grounds of all religion:  
Seeking by tumults to subvert the state,  
The which without your Maiesties consent,  
Is treason capitall against the Crowne.

*Bon.* And seeing without the knowledge of your grace:  
They dare attempt these dangerous stratagems,  
Tis to be fearde which heauen wee pray prevent,  
They do conspire against your sacred life.

*Gard.* Why else, should all these priuate meetings bee,  
without the knowledge of your Maiestie?

*King.* Mother a God these proofes are probable,  
And strong presumptions doe confirme your words,  
within there, ho?

*¶ Enter Compton.*

*Comp.* My Lord.

*King.* Sir *William Compton* see the doores made fast,  
Dubble our guard, let none come neere our person,  
Summon the Counsell to conferre with vs,  
Bid them attend vs in the privy chamber,

*Comp.* Heere is a letter for your maiestie  
From *Martyn Luther* out of Germany.

*King.* Damnd *Scysmaticke* still will hee trouble vs,  
With bookes and letters, leaue it and be gone.

*Exit Compton.*

The villaine thinks to smooth his treachery,  
By sawning speeches to our Maiestie,  
But by my *George* Lord Bishops if I liue,

*When you see me, you know me.*

He roote his fauour from Englands bounds.

What writes his worship?

*Gard.* Now *Bonner* stir, the game is set a foot,  
The King is now inuent, lets follow close  
To haue *Queene Katherine* shorter by a head,  
These herelies will cease when shee is dead.

*King.* Holy Saint *Peter*, what a knaue is this,  
Ere while he writ submissiue to vs,  
And now againe repents his humbleness,  
Bishops it seemes being toucht with our reply  
He wrights thus boldlie to our Maiestie,  
*Gardner* looke heere he was deceaued he saies  
When he thought to find *John Baptist* in the  
Courts of Princes, or resident with those that are  
Cloathed in purple, Mother a God, ist not a dangerous knaue.

*Gard.* False Luther knaues he has great friends in England:  
Else durst he not thus moue your Maiestie.

*King.* Weele cut his friends off, ere they grow too strong  
And sweepe these vipers from our state ere long,  
No maruell though *Queene Katherine* pleade for him,  
That is I see the greatelt *Lutherin*,  
How is your counsels we proceed in these?

*Bon.* Twere best your grace did fend her to the Tower,  
Before they further do confesse with her.

*King.* Let it be so, go get a warrant drawne,  
And with a strong guard beare her to the Tower.  
Our hand shall signe your large Commission,  
Let *Crammer* from the Prince be straight remooued,  
And come not neere the Court on paine of death,  
Mother a God, shall I be basseld thus,  
By traitors, rebels, and false heretickes:  
Get Articles for her arraignment readie,  
If she of treason be conuict, I sweare,  
Her head goes off, were she my Kingdomes heire.

*Sound. Exit.*

*Enter the Prince, Crammer, Tye, and the yound Lords.*

*Prince. Crammer.*

*Cram.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Cran.* My Lord.

*Pr.* Where is *Francisco* our Italian Tutor?

*Cran.* He does attend your Grace without my Lord.

*Pr.* Tell him anon we will conferre with him,

Wee pleie our learning *Browne* least you be beaten,

We will not haue your Knighthood so disgrast.

*Brow.* I thanke ye good my Lord,

And your Grace would but a little pleie your learning,

I warrant yee Ile keepe my Knighthood from breeching.

*Prin.* Faith Ned I will: how now what letter's that?

*1 Seruant.* From your Graces sister the Lady *Mary*.

*Prin.* Come giue it me, we gesse at the contents.

*Crammer*, my sister oft hath writ to me,

That you and Bishop *Bonner* might conferre,

About these points of new religion,

Tell me Tutor will yee dispute with him.

*Cran.* Withall my heart my Lord, and with the King,

Would daine to heare our disputation.

*Prin.* What hast thou there?

*2 Ser.* A letter from your Royall sister, young *Elizabeth*.

*Prin.* Another letter ere we open this,

Well we will view them both immediately,

I pray yee attend vs in the next Chamber,

And Tutor if I call ye not before,

Giue me some notice, if the King my Father

Bewalkt abroad, I must go visite him.

*Tye.* We will faire Prince.

*Prin.* What sayes my sister *Mary*? she is eldest,

And by due course must first be answered,

*The blessed Mother of thy redeemer, with all the Angels and holy Saints baintermitters to preserue thee of Idolatrie, to imitate the Saints for helpe.*

Alas good Sister, still in this opinion,

These are thy blinded Tutors, *Bonner*, *Gardners*,

That wrong thy thoughts with foolish hieries,

Ile read no farther: to him will *Edward* pray

For preservation, that can himselfe preserue me,

Without the helpe of Saint or ceremonie.

*When you see me, you know me.*

What writes *Elizabeth*, sweet sister thou hast my heart,  
And of Prince Edwards loue hast greatest part.

*Sweete Prince I salute thee with a Sisters tone,  
Be stedfast in thy faith, and let thy prayers  
Be dedicate to God onely, for tis hee alone  
Can strengthen thee, and confound thine enemies,  
Gine a settled assurance of thy hopes in heaven,  
God strengthen thee in all temptations,  
And giue thee grace to shun Idolatrie,  
Heauen send thee life to inherite thy election,  
To God I commend thee, who still I pray preserue thee.*

*Thy loving Sister Elizabeth.*

Loving thou art, and of me best beloved.

Thy lines shalbe my contemplations cures,

And in thy vertues will I meditate,

To Christ Ile onely pray for me and thee:

*Enter Crammer.*

This I embrace, away Idolatrie.

How now *Crammer*, where's the King?

*Cran.* Confering with his counsell gracious Prince,  
There is some earnest businesse troubles him:

The Guards are doubled, and commandment giuen,

That none be suffered to come neere the presence,

God keepe his Maiestie from traitors hands.

*Pr.* Amen good *Crammer*, what should disturbe him thus?  
Is Cardinall *Wolsey* yet returnd from *France*?

*Tye.* Imy good Lord, and this day comes to court.

*Prince.* Perhaps this hastie businesse of the King,  
Is touching *Wolsey*, and his Embassage.

*Cram.* Pray God it be no worse my Lord.

*En. Compton.*

*Tye.* Heere comes Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse.

*Comp.* Health to your excellencie.

*Pr.* Whatnewes Sir *William*?

*Comp.* The King expects your Graces companie,  
And wils your highnesse to come and speake with him,  
And Doctor *Crammer*, from his maiestie,  
I charge ye speedily to leaue the Court,

*And*

*When you see me, you know me.*

And come not neere the Prince on paine of death,  
Without direction from the King and Peeres.

*Cran.* Sir I obay yee, God so deale with me,  
As I haue wisht vnto his Maiestie.

*Prin.* *Crammer* banisht the Court, for what I pray?

*Comp.* I know not gracious Lord, pray pardon me,  
Tis the Kings pleasure; and trust me I am sorry.  
It was my hap to bring this heauie message.

*Cran.* Nay good sir *William*, your message moues not me,  
My service to his Royall maiestie  
Was alwaies true and iust, so helpe me heauen:  
Onely I pray your grace to moue the King,  
That I may come to tryall speedily,  
And if in ought I haue deserued death,  
Let me not draw another minutes breath. *Exit Crammer.*

*Compt.* Will ye go my Lord.

*Pr.* Not yet, we are not your prisoner, are we sir?

*Comp.* No my deere Lord.

*Pri.* Then goe before, and we will follow yee,  
Your worship will forget your selfe I see, *Enter Tye.*  
My tutor thrust from court so sodainelie, this is strange.  
*Tye.* The Queene my Lord is come to speake with you.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Prin.* Auoide the presence then, and conduct her in,  
He speake with her, and after see the King.

*Queene.* Leauē vs alone I pray yee.

*Prin.* Your grace is welcome, how fares your Maiestie.

*Quee.* Neuer so ill deare Prince, for now I feare,  
Even as a wretched caitiffe kild with care,  
I am accusde of treason, and the King  
Is now in counsell to dispose of me,  
I know his frowne is death, and I shall die.

*Prin.* Who are your accusers?

*Quee.* I know not.

*Prin.* How know yee then his Grace is so incensd.

*Quee.* One of my Gentlemen passing by the presence,  
Tooke vp this bill of accusations,



*When you see me, you know me.*

Wherein twelue Articles are drawne against me,  
It seemes my false accusers lost it there,  
Heere they accuse me of conspiracie,  
That I with *Crammer*, *Latimer*, and *Ridley*,  
Do seeke to raise rebellion in the state,  
Alter Religion, and bring *Luther* in,  
And to new government in force the Kings

*Prin.* Then thats the cause that *Crammer* was remooued,  
But did your highnesse ere confer with them?

As they haue heere accusde yee to the King.

*Quee.* Never, nor euer had I one such thought  
As I haue hope in him my soule hath bought.

*P.* Then feare not gracious Maddam, He to the King,  
And doubt not but He make your peace with him.

*Quee.* O pleade for me, tell him my soule is cleere,  
Neuer did thought of treason harbor heere,  
As I intended to his sacred life,  
Sobe it to my soule or joy or greefe.

*P.* Stay heere till I returne, He mooue his Maiestie,  
That you may answere your accusers presently. *Exit Prince.*

*Quee.* O I shall never come to speake with him,  
The Lyon in his rage is not so sterne,  
As Royall *Henrie* in his wrathfull spleene,  
And they that haue accusde me to his grace,  
Will worke such meanes I neare shall see his face,  
Wretched Queene *Katherin*, would thou hadst beene  
*Kate Parre* still, and not great *Englands* Queene. *En. Compt.*

*Com.* Heath to your Maiestie.

*Quee.* With me good *Compton* woe and miserie,  
This giddie flattering world I hate and scoffe,  
Ere long I know Queene *Katherins* head must off.  
Came ye from the King?

*Compt.* I did faire Queene, and much sad tidings bring,  
His grace in seeret hath reueild to me  
What is intended to your Maiestie,  
Which in loue and duty to your highnesse,  
Am come to tell ye and to counsell ye  
The best I can in this extremitie.

Then

*When you see me, you know me.*

Then on my knees I dare intreat your grace,  
Not to reueale what I shall say to you,  
For then I am assur'd that death's my due.

*Queen.* I will not on my faith, good *Compton* speake,  
That with thy sad reports my heart may breake.

*Compt.* Thus then at your faire feete my life I lay,  
In hope to drine your highnesse cares away:  
You are accus'd of high conspiracie  
And treason gainst his Royall Maiestie.  
So much they haue incens'd his excellencie,  
That he hath granted firme commission  
To attach your person and conuay ye hence,  
Close prisoner to the Towre, Articles are drawing,  
And time appointed for arraignement there.  
Good Madame be aduis'd, by this I know,  
The officers are sent to arrest your person:  
Prevent their Malice, hast ye to the King.  
He vs'd such meanes that you shall speake with him,  
There plead your jnnocēcie, I know his grace  
Will heare ye mildly therefore delay not,  
If you be taken ere you see the King.  
I feare ye neuer more shall speake to him.

*Quee.* Oh *Compton* twist thy loue and my sage feares.  
I feele ten thousand sad vexations heere,  
Leade on I pray, He be aduis'd by thee,  
The King is angrie and the Queene must die.

*Exit.*

*Enter Bonner and Gardner with the Commission.*

*Gard.* Come *Bonner* now strike sure the yrons hott.  
Vrge all thou canst, let nothing be forgot.  
We haue the Kings hand heere to warrant vs,  
Twas well the Cardinall came and so luckily.  
Who vrg'd, the state would quite be ruined,  
If that Religion thus were altered.  
Which made his highnesse with a fiery spleene,  
Direct out warrants to attach the Queene.

*Ben.* Twas excellent, that Ceder once orethrowne;

*When you see me, you know me.*

To crop the lower shrubs let vs alone.

*Gard.* Those Artifices of accusations,  
We framd against her being lost by you,  
Had like to ouerthrow our pollicy,  
Had we not stoutly vrgd his maiestie.

*Bon.* Well well, what's now to be done.

*Gard.* A gard must be provided speedily,  
To beare her prisoner, vnto London Tower,  
And watch convenient place to arest her person.

*Bon.* Tush any place shall serue, for who dare contradict  
His highnesse hand, even from his side weede hale her,  
And beare her quickly, to her longest home,  
Least we and ours by her to ruine come.

*Gard.* About it then, let them vntimely die,  
That scorne the Pope and *Romes* supremacie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and Prince, the Guard  
before them.*

*King.* Guard, watch the doores and let none come neere vs,  
But such as are attendant on our person:  
Mother a God tis time to sturre, I see,  
When traitors creepe so neere our Maiestie:  
Must English *Harry* walke with armed guards  
Now in this old age, must I feare my life,  
By hatefull treason of my Queene and wife.

*Pri.* I do beseech your Royall Maiestie,  
To heere her speake ere ye condemne her thus.

*King.* Go too *Ned*, I charge ye speake not for her,  
shes a dangerous traitor, how now, who knocks so loud there.

*Gard.* Tis Cardinall *Wolsie* my Lord.

*King.* And it be the Devill, tell him he comes not heere.  
Bid him attend vs till our better leasure:

Come hither *Ned*, let me conferre with you.

Didst ever heare the disputation

Twixt *Cranmer* & the Queene about religion.

*Prince.* Never my Lord, I thinke they neuer yet,  
At any time had speech concerning it.

*King.*

*When you see me, you know me.*

*King.* O thou art deceiued *Ned*, tis too certaine,  
Hoyday more knocking, knock yt on an his heeles,  
And beare him hence what ere he be disturbe vs, who ist?

*Guard.* Sir *William Compton* my Liege.

*King.* Ist he, well let him in, Gods holy Mother, heer's a slut  
indeed, *Compton* ye knocke too lowd for entrance heere.  
You care not though the *King* beengere so neere, say yee sir  
haw.

*Compt.* I do beseech you pardon for my bouldnesse.

*King.* Well what's your busines.

*Compt.* The Queene my Lord intreats to speake with you,

*King.* Body a me, is she not rested yet.

Why doe they not conuay her to the Tower,  
We gaue commission to attach her presently.  
Where is she?

*Compt.* At the doore my Soueraigne.

*King.* So neere our presence, keepe her out I charge ye  
Bend all your Holbeards points against the dore,  
If she presume to enter strike her through,  
Dare she presume againe to looke on vs.

*Pr.* Vpon my knees, I do beseech your highnesse  
To heare her speake.

*King.* Vp *Ned*, stand vp I will not looke on her,  
Mother a god stand close and guard it sure,  
If she come in, ile hang ye all I sweare.

*Pr.* I doe beseech your Grace.

*King.* Sir boye no more, ile heere no more of her,  
Proud slut, bould traitresse,, and forgetfull beast,  
Yet dare she further mooue our patience.

*Pri.* Ile pawne my Princely word, right Royall Father,  
She shall not speake a word to anger ye.

*King.* Will you pawne your word for her, mother a god  
The Prince of *Wales* his word is warrant for a King,  
And we will take it *Ned*, go call her in. *Enter Queen*  
Sir *William* let the guard attend without,  
Reach me a chaire all but the Prince depart.  
How now, what do you weepe and kneele,  
Dus your blacke soule the gylt of conscience feeles,

*When you see me, you know me.*

**Out, out, you are a traytor.**

*Quee.* A traytor, O you all seeing powers,  
Here witness to my Lord my loyalty!  
A traitor. O then you are too mercifull,  
If I haue treason in me, why rip you not  
My vglie heart out with your weapons point,  
O my good Lord, if it haue traitorous bloud,  
It will be blacke, deform'd, and tenebrous,  
If not, from it will spring a scarlet fountaine,  
And spit defiance in their perjur'd throats  
That haue accus'd me to your Maiestie,  
Making my state thus full of miserie.

*Kim.* Canst thou denie it?

*Quee.* Else should I wrongfullie accuse my selfe,  
Of my deare Lord I do beseech your highnesse  
To satisfie your wronged Queene in this,  
Vpon what ground growes this suspicion,  
Or who thus wrongfullie accuseth me,  
Of cursed treason gainst your Maiestie?

*Kim.* Some probable effects my selfe can witness,  
Others our faithfull subjects can testifie:  
Haue you not oft maintained arguments,  
Even to our face against religion:  
Which joynd with other complots, show it selfe,  
As it is gathered by our loyall subjects,  
For treason Capitall against our person,  
Gods holie mother youle remooue vs quickly,  
And turne me out, old *Harrie* must away,  
Now in mine age, lame and halfe bed-rid,  
Or else youle keepe me fast inough in prison,  
Haw, mistris, these are no hatefull treasons these.

*Quee.* Heaven on my fore-head write my worst intent,  
And let your hate against my life be bent,  
If ever thought of ill against your Maiestie,  
Was harbord here, refuse me gracious God,  
To your face my Liege, if to your face I speake it,  
It manifests no complot, nor no treason,  
Nor are they loyall that so injure me;

What

*When you see me, you know me*

What I did speake, was as my womans wit,  
To hold out Argument could compasse it,  
My punie Schollership is held too weake  
To maintaine proofes about religion,  
Alas I did it but to wast the time,  
Knowing as then your grace was weake and sicklie,  
So to expell part of your paine and griefe:  
And for my good intent they seeke my life,  
O God, how am I wrong'd.

*King.* Ha, saist thou so, was it no otherwise.

*Quee.* What should I say, that you might credite me,  
If I am false, heaven strike me sodainlie.

*King.* Bodie a mee, what everlasting knaues are these that  
wrong thee thus, alas poore *Kate*, come stand vp, stand vp, wipe  
thine eies, wipe thine eies, fore-god twas told me that thou wert  
a traitor: I could hardlie thinke it, but that it was applide so hard  
to me, Gods-mother *Kate* I feare my life I tell yee, *King Harrie*  
would bee loath to die by treason now, that has bidde so many  
brunts vnblemished, yet I confesse that now I growe stiffe, my  
Legges faile mee first, but they stand furthiest from my heart,  
and thats still sound, I thanke my God, giue me thy hand, come  
kisse me *Kate*, so now jine friends againe, hurson knaues, craftie  
varlets, make thee a traitor to old *Harries* life, well, well, jle meet  
with some on them, Sfoote come sit on my knee *Kate*, Mother a  
god he that sayes th'art false to me, by *Englands* crowne jle hang  
him presently.

*Quee.* When I haue thought of jll against your state,  
Let me be made the vildest reprobate.

*King.* Thats my good *Kate*, but bith marie God, *Queene*  
*Katherine* you must thanke Prince *Edward* here,  
For but for him th'adst gone toth Tower I were.

*Quee.* I shall be ever thankfull to his Highnesse,  
And pray for him and for your Maiestie.

*King.* Come *Kate* weell walke a while eth Garden heere, who  
keepe the doore there?

*Comp.* My Lord.

*King.* Sir *William Compton*, here take my Ring,

*When you see me, you know me.*

Bid Doctor *Crammer* hast to Court againe,  
Giue him that token of King *Henries* loue,  
Discharge our guards, we feare no traitors hand,  
Our state, beloved of all doth firmly stand:  
Go *Compton*.

*Comp.* I goe my Lord.

*King.* Bid *Wolsey* hast him to our Royall presence,  
Great *Charles* the mighty Romaine Emperour,  
Our Nephew, and the hope of Christendome  
To see his Vncle and the English Court;  
Wee'le entertaine him with imperiall port:  
Come hither *Ned*.

*Enter Bonner and Gardner with the Guard.*

*Gar.* Fellowes, stay there, and when I call, come forward;  
The service you pursue is for the King;  
Therefore I charge ye performe it boldlie,  
We haue his hand and seale to warrant it.

*Guard.* Wee'le follow you with resolution sir,  
The Church is on our side, what should we feare?

*Gar.* See yonder, shees talking with his Maiestie,  
Thinke you wee may attempt to take her heere?

*Bon.* Why should we not, haue we not firme commission  
to attach her any where? be bold, and feare not:  
Fellowes come forward.

*King.* How now whats heere to doe?

*Quee.* The Bishops it seemes my Lord would speake with  
you.

*King.* With bills and holberds, well, tarrie there *Kate*,  
Ile go my selfe; Now wherefore come you?

*Gard.* As loyall Subiects to your state and person,  
We come to apprehend that traiterous woman,

*King.* Y're a couple of drunken knaues and varlets,  
Gods holy Mother she is more true and iust,  
Then any Prelate that Subornes the Pope:  
Thus to vsurpe vpon our government?



*When you see me, you know me.*

Call you her traytor? y<sup>e</sup>are lying beastes and false conspira-  
tours.

*Bon.* Your Maiestie hath seene what proofes we had.

*King.* Heere you *Bonner*, you are a whorson coxcombe,  
What proofes had ye, but treasons of your owne inventions?

*Queene* O my deare Lord, respect the reverent Bishops.

*Bonner* and *Gardner* loues your Maiestie.

*King.* Alas poore *Kate*, thou think'st full little what they  
come for;

Thou hast small reason to commend their loues,

That falsly haue accusde thy harmeles life.

*Quee.* O God, are these mine enemies?

*Gard.* We haue your highnesse hand to warrant it.

*King.* Lets see it then.

*Gard.* Tis heere my Liege.

*King.* So, now yee haue both my hand to contradict what  
one hand did: and now our word againe shall serue as warrant  
to beare you both as prisoners to the Fleete.

Where you shall answer this conspiracie.

You fellows that came to attach the *Queene*,

Lay hands on them, and beare them to the Fleete.

*Quee.* O I beseech your highnesse on my knees,  
Remit the doome of their imprisonment.

*King.* Stand vp good *Kate*, thou wrongst thy Maiestie,  
To plead for them that thus haue injurde thee.

*Quee.* I haue forgotten it, and do still intreate  
Their humble pardons at your gracious feet.

*King.* Mother a God, what a foolish woman's this,

Well, for her sake we reuoke our doome,

But come not neere vs as you loue your liues:

Away and leaue vs, you are knaues and miscreants,

Whorson Caitifes, come to attach my *Queene*.

*Quee.* Vex not my Lord, it will distemper you.

*g Enter Brandon.*

*King.* Mother a God, Ile temper some on them for  
How now *Brandon*?

*When you see me, you know me.*

*Bran.* The Emperour my Lord,

*King.* Get a traine readie there, *Charles Brandon* come  
Weele meet the Monarke of imperiall Rome:  
Go *Ned*, prepare your selfe to meet the Emperour,  
Weele send you further notice of our pleasure.

*g Enter Cardinall and Will.*

Attend the Prince there : Welcome Lord Cardinall,  
Hath not our tedious journey into *France*,  
Disturbed your Graces health and reverent person?

*Will.* No, no, ne're feare him *Harry*, he haz got  
More by the journey, heele be Pope shortly.

*King.* What *William*, how chance I haue not seene you to  
day? I thought you would not haue beene the hindmost man  
to salute me.

*Will.* No more I am not *Harry*, for yonder is Patch behind  
me, I could never get him before mee since thou conjurst him  
j<sup>th</sup> great Chamber, all the horses j<sup>th</sup> towne cannot hawle him  
into thy presence I warrant thee.

*King.* Will he not come in?

*Will.* Not for the world, he stands watching at the dore,  
Hee'le not stirre while the Cardinall come,  
Then the foole will follow him euerie where.

*Wool:* I thanke you *William*, I am beholding to you still.

*Will.* Namy Lord, I am more beholding vnto you, I thanke  
your Foole for it, we haue ransaked your Winecellers since you  
went into *France* : Doe you blush my Lord? na, thats nothing,  
you haue Wine there is able to set a colour in any mans face I  
warrant it.

*King.* Why *William*, is the Cardinals wine so good?

*Will.* Better then thine jle be sworne, jle take but twoo hand-  
fulls of his Wine, and it shall fill foure Hogges-heads of thine,  
(looke here else.)

*Wool:* *Mor diu.*

*Will.* *Mor diu*ell, jst not? for without conjuring you could  
never doe it : But I pray you my Lord call vppon *Mor diu* no  
longer, but speake plaine English, you haue deceiued the King

*When you see me, you know me.*

in French and Latine long enough a conscience.

*King.* Is his wine turned into gold, *Will?*

*Wool.* The foole mistakes, my gracious Sovereigne.

*Will.* I, I my Lord, ne're set your wit to the fooles,

*Will Summers* will be secret now, and say nothing. If I would be a blabbe of my tongue, I could tell the King how many barrells full of Gold and Silver there was, sixe times filled with plate and jewels, twentie great Trunkes with Crosses, Crosiers, Copes, Miters, Maces, Golden Crucifixes, besides the foure hundred & twelue thousand pound that poore Chimneys paid for Peter pence. But this is nothing, for when you are Pope, you may pardon your selfe for more knaverie then this comes to.

*King.* Go to foole, you wrong the Cardinall,

But grieue not *Woolsey*, *William* will be bold:

I pray you set on to meet the Emperour,

The Maior and Cittizens are gone before,

The Prince of *Wales* shall follow presently,

And with our *George* and Collar of estate,

Present him with the order of the Garter:

Great *Maximilian* his progenitour,

Vpon his breast did weare the English Crosse,

And vnderneath our Standerd marcht in armes,

Receiving pay for all his warlike hoste;

And *Charles* with Knigh-hood shall be honored:

Beginne Lord Cardinall, greete his Maiestie,

And we our selfe will follow presentlie,

*Wool.* I go my Sovereigne.

*Will.* Faire weather after yee:

Well, and ere he come to be Pope, I shall be plung'd for this.

*Queene.* *William*, you haue angered the Cardinall I can tell you.

*King.* T'is no matter *Kate*, Ile anger him worse ere long.

Though for a while I smooth it to his face:

I did suspect what heere the foole hath found,

He keeps forsooth a high Court Legantine,

Taxing

*When you see me, you know me.*

Taxing our subiects, gathering summes of gold,  
Which he belike hath hid to make him Pope;  
A Gods name let him, that shall be our owne.  
But to our businesse, come *Queene Katherin*,  
You shall with vs to meet the Emperour,  
Let all your Ladies be in readinesse:  
Go, let our guard attend the Prince of *Wales*,  
Vpon our selfe, the Lords and Pensioners  
Shall giue attendance in their best array,  
Let all estates be ready; come faire *Kate*,  
The Emperour shall see our English state.

*Sound.*

*Sound.*

*Enter Emperour, Cardinall, Maior,  
and Gentlemen.*

*Wool.* Your Maiestie is welcome into *England*,  
The King our Maister, will reioyce to see  
Great *Charles* the Royall Emperours Maiestie.

*Empe.* Wee thanke your paines my good Lord Cardinall,  
And much our longing eyes desires to see  
Our Kingly Vnckle and his Princely Sonne,  
And therefore, when you please I pray set on.

*Wool.* On gentlemen, and meete the Prince of *Wales*,  
That comes fore-runner to his Royall father,  
To entertaine the Christian Emperour:  
Meane while your Maiestie may heere behold  
This warlike Kingdome faire *Metropolis*,  
The Citty *London*, and the River *Thames*,  
And note the scituation of the place.

*Empe.* We do my Lord, and count it admirable:  
But see Lord Admirall, the Prince is comming.

*Sound.*

*Enter the Prince with a Herald before him, bearing the  
Collar and Garter, the guard and Lords attending.*

*Empe.* Well met young cousin.

*Prince.* I kisse your highnesse hand,  
And bid you welcome to my Fathers land,

*When you see me, you know me*

I shall not need inferre comparisons,  
Welcome beyond compare, for so your Excellencie  
Hath honoured England, in containing you,  
As with all princely pompe and state we can,  
Weele entertaine great *Charles the Austrian*:  
And first, in signe of honour to your Grace,  
I heere present this Collar of estate,  
This golden Garter of the knight-hoods order,  
An honour to renowne the Emperour:  
Thus as my Father hath commanded me,  
I entertaine your Royall Maiestie.

*Empe.* True honoured off-spring of a famous King,  
Thou dost amaze me, and doost make me wish  
I were a second sonne to *Englands Lord*,  
In interchange of my imperiall seate,  
To liue with thee faire hope of Maiestie,  
So well our welcome we accept of thee,  
And with such princely spirit pronounce the word,  
Thy fathers state, can no more state afford.

*Prin.* Yes my good Lord, in him theres Maiestie,  
In me theres loue with tender infancy.

*Wool.* The trumpets sound my Lord, the King is  
comming.

*Prin.* Go all of you attend his Royall person,  
Whilst we obserue the Emperours Maiestie.

*J* Enter the Heralds first, then the Trumpets, next the guard, then  
Mace bearer and Swords, then the Cardinall, then Brandon,  
then the King, after him the *Queene*, Lady *Mary*, and Ladies  
attending.

*King.* Hold, stand I say.

*Brin.* Stand gentlemen.

*Wool.* Cease those trumpets there.

*King.* Is the Emperour yet come in sight of vs?

*Wool.* His Maiestie is hard at hand my Lord.

*King.* Then *Brandon*, sheath our Sword, and beare our  
Maces

When you shall see, you shall see

Maces downe,  
In honour of my Lord the Emperour:  
Forward againe.

*Brav.* On Gentlemen afore, sound trumpets and set forwards.

*Pri.* Behold my Father the Emperour.

*Empe.* Wee meet him Coosen  
Vnckle of *England*, King of *France* and *Ireland*, defender of the  
ancient Christian faith,  
With greater joy I do embrace thy beauty,  
Then when the seven electors crowned him,  
Great Emperour of the Christian Monarchie.

*King.* Great *Charles*, the first Emperour of *Almayne*, King  
of the Romans, *Semper Augustus*, warlike King of *Spain* and  
*Cicily*, both *Naples*, *Navarre* and *Larragon*, King of *Crete* and  
great *Ierusalem*, Arch-duke of *Austria*, Duke of *Milaine*, *Bra-*  
*bant*, *Burgundy*, *Tyrrell* and *Alanders*, with this great title I em-  
brace thy breast,  
And how thy sight doth please, suppose the rest,  
Sound Trumpets while my faire Queene *Katharine*  
Gives entertainment to the Emperour.

Welcome againe to *England* Princely Coosen,  
Wee dwell heere, but in an outward continent,  
Where Winters ice-cicles hang on our beards,  
Bordring vpon the frozen *Orcades*,  
Our Mother-point, compass with the Artick sea,  
Where raging *Boreas* styes from winters mouth,  
Yet are our bloods as hot, as where the Sunne doth rise,  
Wee haue no golden mines to leade you to,  
But hearts of proofe, and what wee speake, wee do.

*Empe.* We thanke you Vnckle, and now must chide you;  
If wee be welcometo your Countrey,  
Why is the ancient league now broke betwixt vs?  
Why haue your Heralds in the French Kings cause?  
Breathed defiance against our dignitie,  
When face to face, wee met at *Landerley*?

*King.* My Herald doth chide your Maiestie?  
Your grace mistakes, Wee sent Embassadors

*When you see me, you know me*

To treat a peace betweene the French and you,  
Not to defie you as an enemy.

*Empe.* Yet Vnckle in King *Hewies* name he came,  
And boldly to our face did giue the same.

*Card.* Hell stop that fatall boding Emperours throte,  
That sings against vs this dismal Ravens note.

*King.* Mother of God, if this be true, wee see,  
There are more Kings in *England* now then wee:

Wheres Cardinall *Woolsey*?  
Heard you this newes in *France*?

*Wool.* I did my Liege and by my means twas done,  
He not deny it, I had Commission

To joyne a league betwixt the French and him,  
Which he withstanding as an enemy,

I did defie him from your Maiestie.

*King.* Durst thou presume so, base-borne Cardinall,  
Without our knowledge to abuse our name;

Presumptuous traitor, vnder what pretence  
Didst thou attempt to braue the Emperour?

Belike thou meantst to leuell at a Crowne,  
But thy ambitious crowne shall hurle thee downe.

*Wool.* With reverence to your Maiestie, I did no more  
Then I can answere to the holy see.

*King.* Vilaine, thou canst not answere it to me,  
Nor shadow thy insulting trecherie:

How durst ye sirra in your Embassage,  
Vnknowne to vs, stampe in our Royall coyne

The base jmpression of your Cardinall hat.  
As if you were copartner in the Crowne?

*Ego & Rex mens:* you and your King must be  
In equall state, and pompe, and Maiestie:

Out of my presence hatefull impudencie.

*Wool.* Remember my Liege that I am Cardinall  
And deputie vnto his holinesse.

*King.* Be the diuells Deputie, I care not I,  
He not be baffled by your trechery,

Yare false abusers of Religion,  
You can corrupt it and forbid the King,



*What you see me, you know me.*

Vpon the penaltie of the Popes blacke curse,  
If he should pawne his Crowne for souldiers pay,  
Not to suppress an old religious Abbey,  
Yet you at pleasure haue subverted foure,  
Seizing their Lands, tunning vp heapes of Gold,  
Secret conveiance of our Royall Seale,  
To raise Collections to enrich thy state,  
For which sir, we command you leaue the Court,  
We heere discharge you of your offices:  
You that are *Caiphas*, or great Cardinall,  
Hast ye with speed vnto your Bishopricke,  
There keepe you, till you heere further from vs:  
Away, and speake not.

*Wool.* Yet will I proudly passe as Cardinall,  
Although this day define my heavy fall.

*Exit.*

*Empe.* I feare King *Henry*, and my royall Vnckle,  
The Cardinall will curse my progresse hither.

*King.* No matter coosen, befhrew his trecherous heart,  
Hazz moou'd my blood to much impatience.

*Enter Will Summers.*

Wheres *Will Summers*? come on wife *William*,  
Wee must vse your litle witts, to chafe this  
Anger from our blood againe:  
What art thou doing?

*Will.* I am looking round about the Emperour; mee thinks  
tis a strange sight, for though he haue seene more fooles then I,  
yet I never saw no more Emperours but him.

*Empe.* Is this *Will Summers*? I haue heard of him in all the  
Princes Courts in Christendome.

*Will.* Law ye my Lord, you haue a famous foole of mee,  
I cantell yee, *Will Summers* is knowne farre and neere yee see.

*King.* I, are you ryming *William*, na, then I am for yee, I  
haue not rymed with ye a great while, and now Ile challenge ye,  
and the Emperour shall be iudge betweene vs.

*Will.* Content my Lord, I am for ye all, come but one at once  
and

*When you see me, you know me.*

and I care not.

*King.* Say ye so sir, come *Kate*, stand by mee,  
Weele put him to a nonplus pre-

*Quee.* To him *Will.* (sently.

*Will.* I warrant you Madam.

*King.* Answer this sir.

The bud is spread, the Rose is red, the leafe is greene,

*Will.* A wench t'is sed, was found in your bed, besides the  
*Queene.*

*Quee.* Godamercy for that *Will.*

Theres two Angels for thee:

Ifaith my Lord. I am glad I know it.

*King.* Gods mother *Kate*, wilt thou belecue the foole? hee  
lies, he lies, a sirra *William*, I perceiue and't had beene so, you  
would haue shamed me before the Emperour, yet *William* haue  
at you once more,

In yonder Tower, theres a flower, that hath my hart.

*Will.* Within this houre, she pist full sower, and let a fart.

*Empe.* Hees too hard for you my Lord, j'le tric him one ve-  
nie my selfe, what say you to this *William*?

An Emperour is great, high is his seate, who is his foe?

*Will.* The wormes that shall eate, his carkas for meate, whe-  
ther he will or no.

*Empe.* Well answered *Will*, yet once more I'am for yee.  
A ruddy lip, with a cherry tip, is fit for a King.

*Will.* I, so he may dip, about her hip, ith tother thing.

*Empe.* Haz put me downe my Lord.

*Will.* Who comes next then?

*King.* The *Queene William*, looke to your selfe;  
To him *Kate*.

*Quee.* Come on *William*, answer to this,  
What cold I take, my head doth ake, what phisicks good?

*Will.* Heeres one will make, the cold to breake, and warme  
your blood.

*Quee.* I'am not repulst at first *William*, againe sir,  
Women and their wills, are dangerous ills, as some men suppose.

*Will.* She that puddings fills, when snow lies o'th hills, must  
keepe cleane her nose.

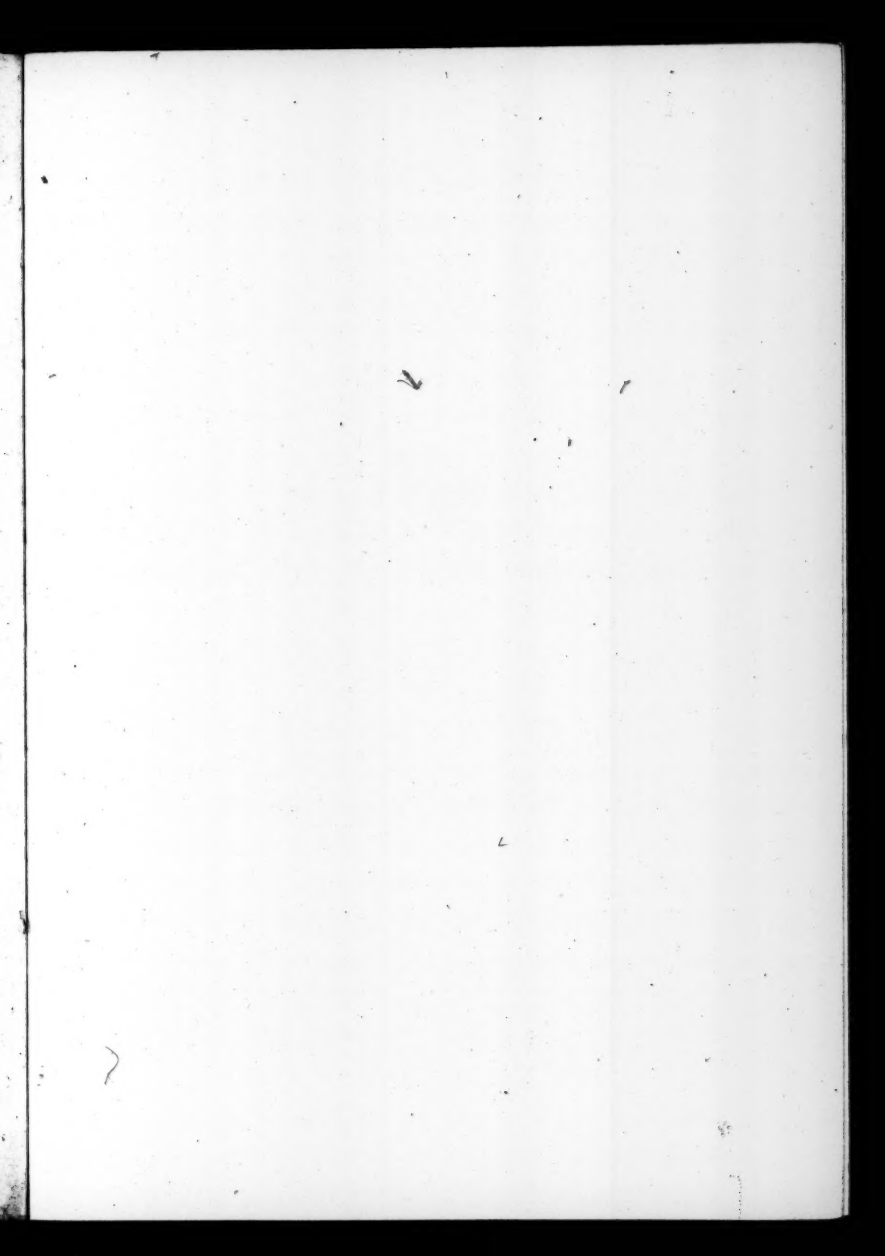
*When you see me, you know me.*

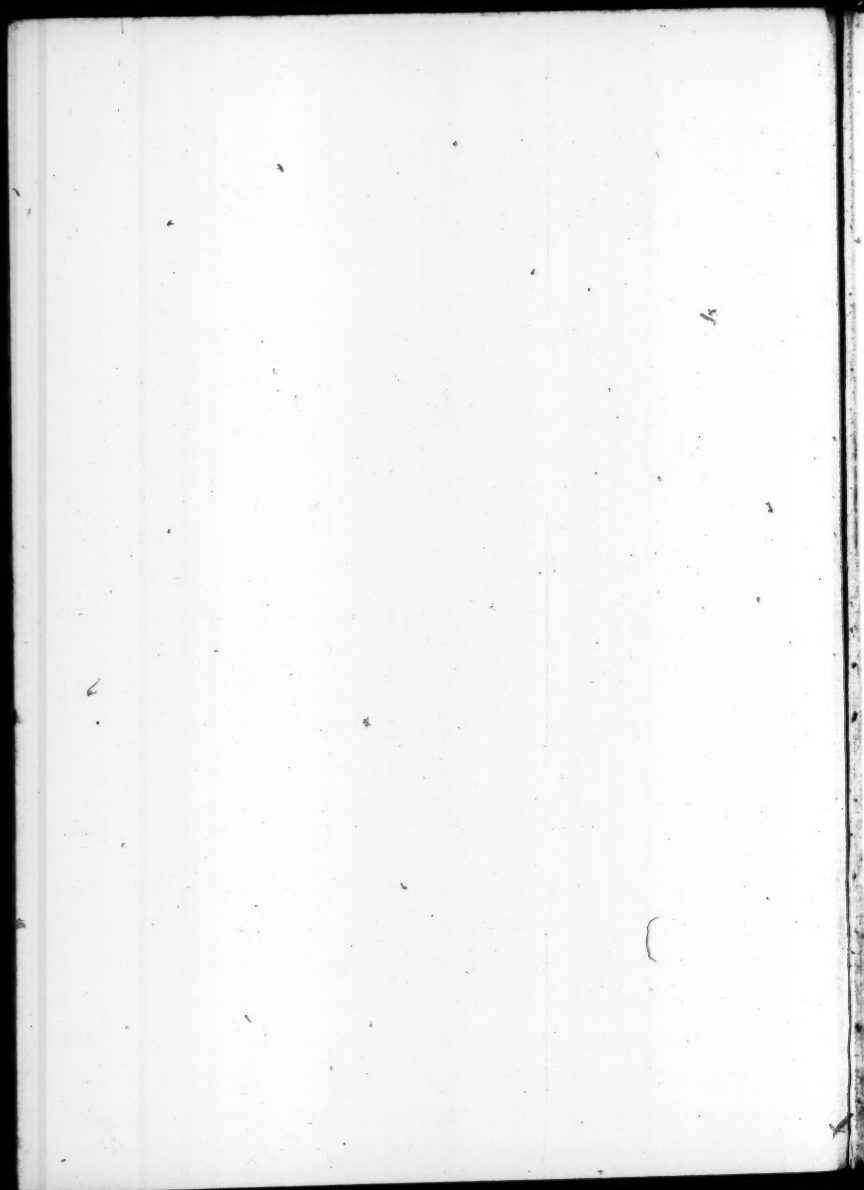
**King.** Inough good *William*, y'are too hard for all:  
My Lord the Emperour, wee delay too long,  
Your promised welcome to the English Court,  
The honourable order of the Garter,  
Your Maiestie shall take immediately,  
And sit instald therewith in *Windfor* Castle,  
I tell yee there are lads girt with that order,  
That will vngirt the proudest Champion:  
Set forwards there, regard the Emperours state,  
First in our Court weele banquet merrily,  
Then mount on steedes, and girt in compleat Steele,  
Weele tuge at Barriers, Tilt and turnament:  
Then shall yee see the Yeomen of my guard  
Wrestle, shoote, throw the sledge, or pitch the barre,  
Or any other active exercise:  
Those triumphs past, weele forthwith hast to *Windfor*,  
Saint *Georges* knight shall be the Christian Emperour.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**F F N I S.**







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